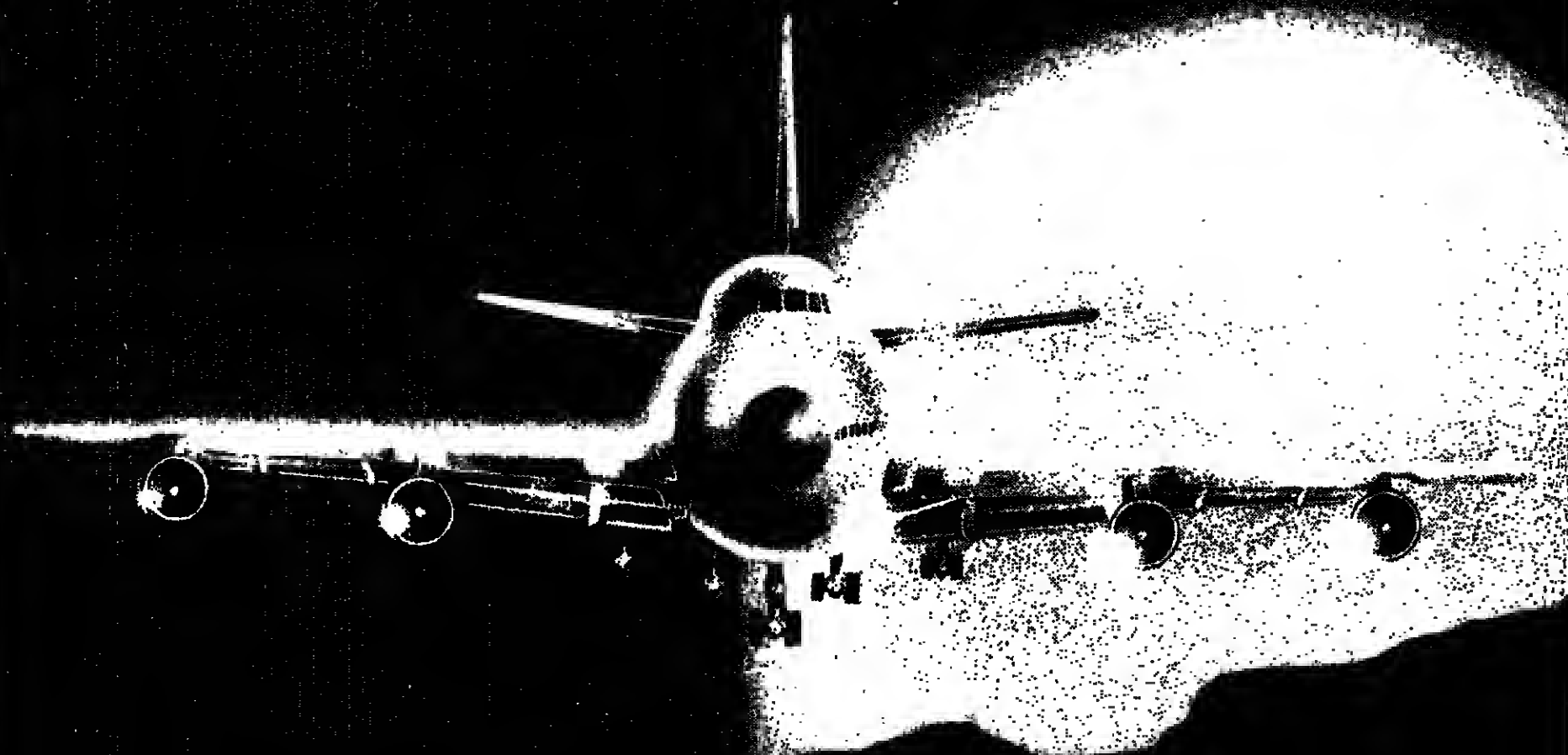


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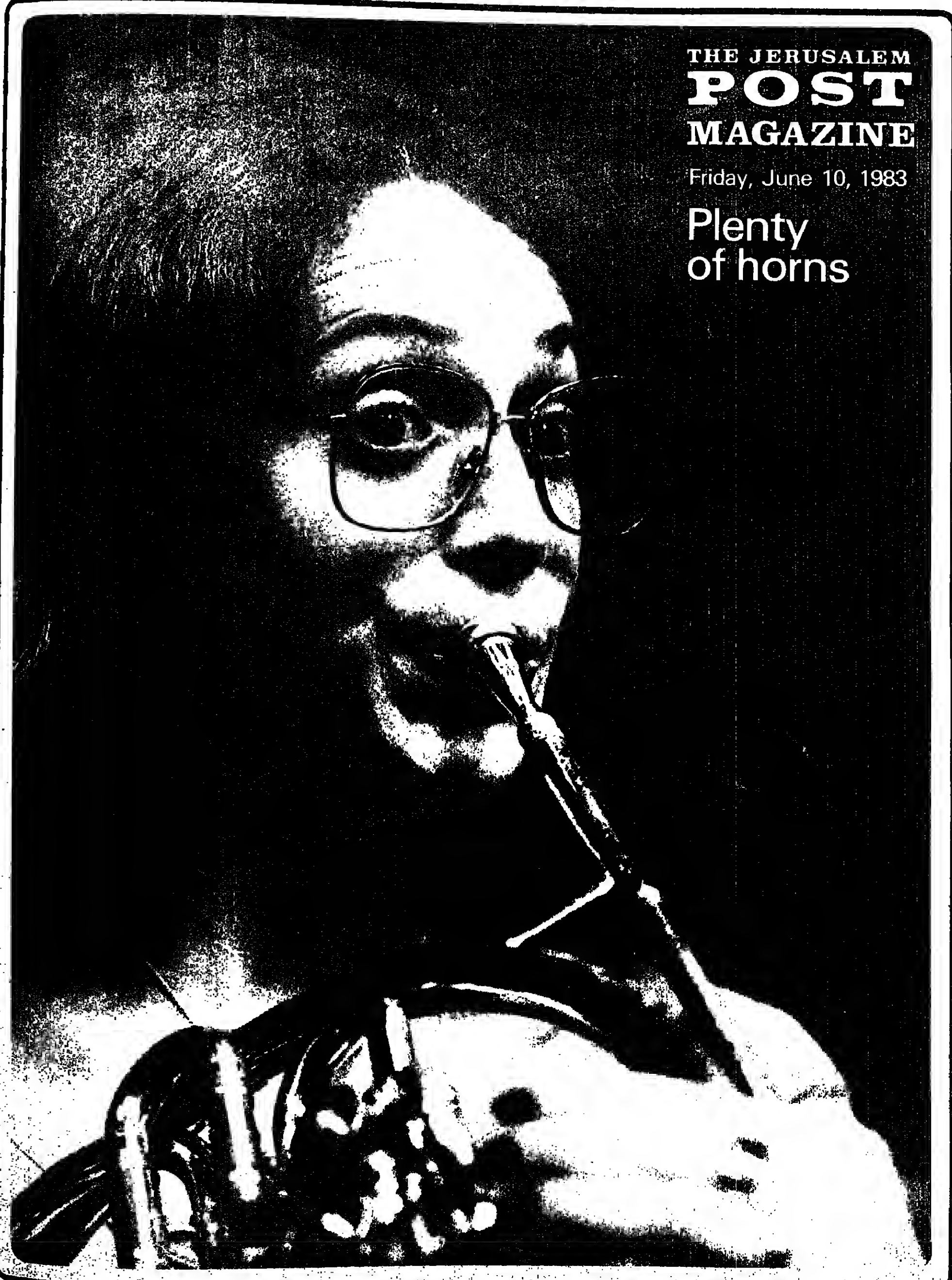


THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL BANK
OF ISRAEL LTD

THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, June 10, 1983

Plenty
of horns



Handwritten text in Arabic script, likely a library or collection stamp.

NIGHT DRIVING

THE WAY YOU ALWAYS DO IT, ONLY SLOWER...



EGGED'S ROAD
SAFETY CAMPAIGN

Even when you're sure of your driving, you must take account of environmental conditions.

Night-time brings with it its own special characteristics, particularly reduced visibility. This allows for only partial vision, limited to the range of your headlights. At night, it's difficult to gauge distances correctly - a strong light can often mistakenly seem closer than a weak one.

Night driving causes more strain on your eyes, and you tire quicker. Response time during darkness hours is two or three times slower than during the day. And in addition to poor visibility and tiredness, the headlights of oncoming cars can blind you. You can also be blinded by the lights of the car behind you reflecting in your rear-view mirror. The sudden change from lit to non-lit areas (and vice versa) also causes partial blindness. The colour of obstacles on the road at night can also influence your ability to make out what you are approaching. For instance, you are unlikely to be able to see a pedestrian at night who is wearing dark clothing. In short, the environmental data that we absorb at night is far less reliable than during the day. We are less alert, we are more tired, and we are more exposed to danger.

CHANGING LIGHTS

When you're driving on an unlit road at night, it is advisable to use your full-beam so as to see as far ahead as possible. However, you full-beam blinds and endangers oncoming drivers. So when you see a car approaching, change your lights down quickly to regular beam. You should also avoid using your full-beam when you are within 50 meters of the vehicle in front, so as not to blind the driver via his rear view mirror.

Remember: When your headlights are not at full beam, you'll only distinguish an object on the road from a distance of 30 meters. That is why we recommend that you don't exceed 60 kph - anything faster, and your response time will not be fast enough.

BENDS

When you approach a bend or the crest of a hill - and you can't see the state of traffic beyond - you should warn oncoming drivers of where you are by flashing your full beam.

DUSK DRIVING

This is a difficult time of day to drive. It is no longer light, yet your headlights are not yet effective. You have sufficient vision, but you can barely be seen. You must be more alert. Remember: Your parking lights are not enough. The colour of your car also affects the ability of others to see you. The only colours that can be seen well at night are yellow - orange and red, (which is why Egged's fleet of buses is painted in red and white).

PARKING AND REAR LIGHTS

The major function of these lights is to let your car be seen when parking and when night-driving. Remember to use your lights in bad visibility during the day - see and be seen.

TAIL LIGHTS

Make use of the tail lights of the car in front of you. They will give you an indication of what is happening in front of him - and in front of you too. These lights will also warn you when you are approaching a bend or the crest of a hill.

INSIDE LIGHTS

Your inside light (on the ceiling or on the side) should not be switched on when you are driving at night, since this can impede your ability to see what is happening outside the vehicle.

BLINDING

Are you being blinded? Turn your eyes to the right. Focus on the yellow line at the side of the road. Remember! Even when you are looking to the right, you can still absorb what is happening in front of you. And if the situation warrants, try and stop. Whatever you do, don't try driving on when you are being blinded.

BE BRIGHT. DRIVE RIGHT.



This ad is one of a series in the internal training campaign for Egged drivers as part of the war against traffic accidents.

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Different flavours, 200 gr.
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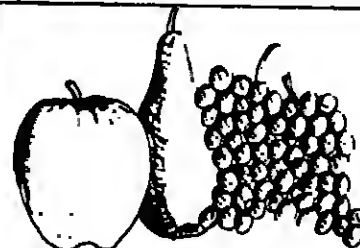
Red turkey meat,
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Meat Products

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breast, 300 gr.
IS 242.- IS 188.-
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IS 42.- IS 34.-
"Gat" and "Pri Tnuva"
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2 Lit.
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"Yakhin" ordinary garden peas
2-A
IS 66.- IS 53.-
"Yakhin" corn kernels 2-A
IS 59.- IS 47.-



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"Osem" Bamba, 80 gr.
IS 30.50 IS 25.50
"Gingi" beverage powder,
800 gr.
IS 123.- IS 99.90
"Gel" Champion orange and
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330 ml.
IS 31.- IS 23.80
"Hagevia" ice cream cones,
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IS 80.- IS 66.-

תמרי

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IS 329.- IS 249.-
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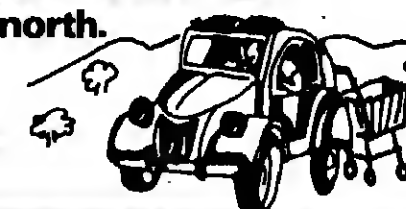
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variety, 125 70 cm.
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"Kedem", 1 lit.
IS 89.80 IS 69.80 kg.
"Mira" "Palmolive" soap,
140 gr.
IS 29.- IS 18.70
With every 2 "Palmolive" dish
pasties, 1 lit. "Ajax" cleaning fluid
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Westinghouse refrigerators are No-Frost refrigerators. The system was invented in the U.S., where for years the technique has been in reliable operation in Westinghouse refrigerators. With such practical experience, No-Frost was already perfected in the U.S. long before manufacturers elsewhere were just discovering it.

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132 Rehov Keren Kayemet, Tel. 057-72211

Netanya Branch
18 Sd. Binyamin, Tel. 053-28641, 053-33133

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In this issue

Hirsh Goodman discusses why the war in Lebanon is different. 6

David Bernstein assesses the Arab world in the aftermath of Operation Peace for Galilee. 8

Daniel Gasron meets controversial soldier Eli Geva. 10

Helga Uddman finds a connection between Maimonides and the striking doctors. 12

On the cover: Salim Amrith plays the French horn at an Israel Philharmonic rehearsal. The photograph is by Gregory Rozanski.

Marsha Pomerantz sits in on an Israel Philharmonic rehearsal. 14

With Prejudice, by Alex Berlyne. 16

The Book Pages. 17

Marketing with Marilyn. 19

In the Poster Pullout --

Matters of Taste, by Haim Shapiro. 19

Yohann Boehm's Music and Musicians. 21

Dance, by Dora Snowden. 2

Eli Rapp's Theatre Column. 6

The Week on TV and Radio. 11

Philip Gillon's Televue. 1

Cinema, by Dan Fainaru. 8

Bridge, by Hannu Sher. 1

Chess, by Eliahu Shuhaf. 11

The Art Pages. 5

Ladies' Undies Fortnight

at Hamashbir Lazarchan

June 12-24, 1983

★ Nightdresses

★ Bras

★ Dressing Gowns

★ Girdles

★ Pyjamas

★ Underwear

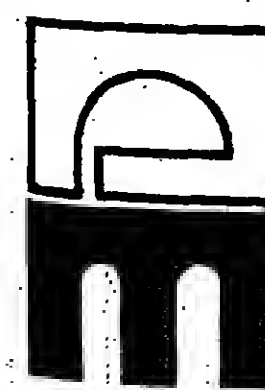
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government, or with fear to Isra
continued involvement in intern
Lebanese affairs.
Time will tell whether we have
achieved a victory or suffered a
defeat. Whoever it is, a new
defence minister and a new chief of
staff are having to pick up the
pieces. The question remains, who
is going to put this nation together
again after the trauma of this past
year.



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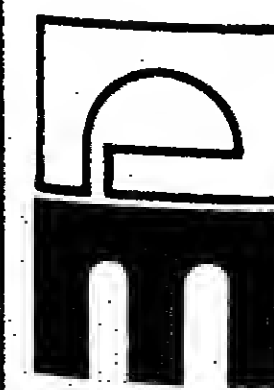
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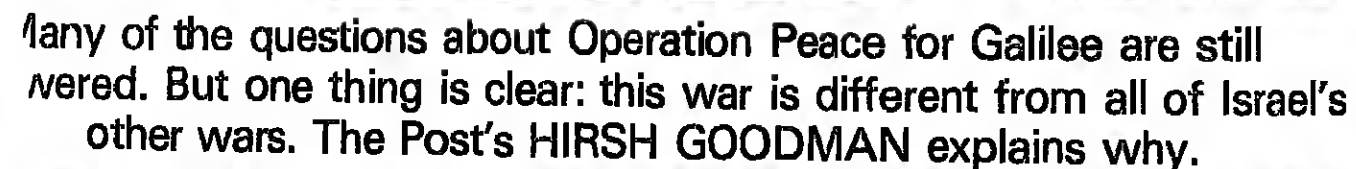


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Both pictures accurately reflect today's situation, a reality that not even the principal architects of this war could have envisioned a year ago. A full year after what we expected would be a 48- to 72-hour operation against the PLO's infrastructure in South Lebanon, the IDF is still deployed there. Four hundred and ninety-two soldiers killed, over 2,600 wounded, and casualties from acts of terrorism continue to mount.



to explain the war, which accounted for the Israeli lives lost, known for a fact that the cabinet oppose it, the chief of staff Rafael Eitan said it, as did most

IS IT JUST an accident that during this war, for the first time in Israel's unfortunately rich history of conflict, there was an almost total breakdown of trust between those giving the orders and those being asked to put their own lives and the lives of their men on the line?

The phenomenon made its appearance very early on. On the afternoon of Tuesday, June 8, it was clear that the situation was becoming complicated. A senior aide to the chief of staff walked out of the command bunker at an IDF base in the north, saying that "Ha'shamen [the Fix One, as some call Sharon] is going to hit the Syrians. He's actually going to do it... he just won't listen to the chief of staff."

the Syrians, he would have no justification for reaching the Beirut-Damascus highway, or Beirut. He would be unable to implement his (and Ratu's) goal of radically changing the foundations of Lebanon so as to guarantee a lasting solution of Israel's security problems in the north, while at the same time breaking the political and military backbone of the PLO.

For both Sharon and Ratu, this was a war against Palestinian nationalism; a war to secure not

While it was true, he argued, that Israel could not get rid of the terrorists in the Bekun without engaging the Syrians, experience on the Golan Heights had shown that the Syrians were capable of preventing terrorism if they were convinced that to do so was in their national interest. If the threat of mass retaliation against the Syrians for not preventing terrorism was real, Rafi reportedly said, then Pence for the Gushite could be attained without Israel's having to fight them.

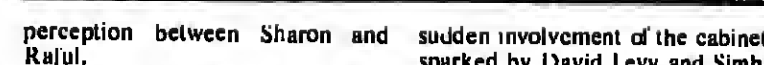
Most important of all, Sharon inherited the power to move the divisions necessary to translate philosophy into action.

BUT SHARON found alternative expert advice, which he chose to use. The Mossad agreed with the defence minister that Bashir Jenniyel was worth building on. They had cultivated the relationship for six years, and were now determined to pluck the fruits. Sharon suited the Mossad and the Mossad suited Sharon. Military intelligence was ignored.

Begin had initially tended towards the larger plan, but as the debate around the cabinet table dragged on, he modified his position.

There was no way Sharon could have misunderstood his mandate. There was also no way he was going to accept it. And there you have the basis of all that went wrong with this war — a war that the government expected to last three days and to end on the Aveli; a war that is continuing a year later, and that could end with a unilateral retreat to the very same lines that were reached

Then there was the debate at the French College about whether or not to enter West Beirut, with stunned, battle-worn commanders contemplating the cost to both sides if the IDF entered a city of over 400,000 civilians and 10,000 terrorists with nowhere to flee to. Here again there was a basic difference of



What happened, happened. Sharon is no longer the defence minister of Israel, but the debate did not end with his dismissal. Despite the voluminous writing about the

We have yet to hear an explanation of why the prime minister only heard about Sabra and Shatila from the BBC; why Sharon called up thousands of reservists without the prime minister's consent; why he ordered Beirut to be bombed August 12, after the prime minister and U.S. special envoy Philip Habib had agreed on the terms of a PLO withdrawal. Begin summed it all up in a conversation with Simcha Ehrlich: "I always know what the defence minister is up to. Sometimes before the fact and sometimes after."

THIS WAR is different from all other wars. The price the country has paid is different from all other wars. It is different because it was a private war, where many were manipulated by a few to achieve a goal that is at the centre of our

Who knows what victory is, and who dares judge whether the price was worthwhile or not? One can point either to the fact that the PLO is dispersed and ridden with tactical tightening or to the fact that over 400 terrorists have returned to Beirut. One can point with pride to the destruction of the Syrian missile sites and air force, or one can note that there are now twice as many Syrians in Lebanon as before the war, posing a much greater threat to Israel than ever before.

Time will tell whether we have achieved a victory or suffered a defeat. Whichever it is, a new defence minister and a new chief of staff are having to pick up the pieces. The question remains, who is going to put this nation together again after the trauma of this past year.

IT IS NOW clear that the prime minister and his cabinet were not aware of the true war goals of Defence Minister Ariel Sharon when they raised their hands in favour of the operation. It is clear that, because the IDF was used as a pawn in the pursuit of private goals, it could not conduct its battles effectively, moves in the field being dictated by internal politics rather than operational considerations.

It is no comfort to those who have been critical of this war for many months that their worst suspicions have been confirmed this past week by senior politicians and generals alike. Can there be any doubt that

lor over 200 of the Israeli lives lost, when it is now known for a fact that not only did the cabinet oppose it, but that the chief of staff Rafael Eitan also opposed it, as did most other central figures in the defence establishment? These included the commander of the eastern front, Avigdor Ben-Gal, whose forces were pushed forward and pulled back in conformity with the vacillations in Jerusalem.

There were delays in the opening stages of this war, during the first three weeks, that divisional commanders in the field did not know from one hour to the next what they many men the IDF had in 100,000-plus men the IDF had in Lebanon were shifted around in tactical engagements designed not to destroy the declared and agreed enemy, but to widen the circle of conflict so that the maximalist goals of a few, operating without a man-

disagreement between the chief of staff and Sharon over whether or not to engage the Syrians. This disagreement has since been confirmed and was documented in full in a remarkable analysis of the war published by *Ma'ariv* last Friday.

Sharon needed to get the Syrians involved in order to enlarge the scope of Operation Peace for Galilee, as Prime Minister Begin ordered. Operation Pine Tree (*Oranin*) is to be renamed. Without the Syrians, he would have no justification for reaching the Beirut-Damascus highway, or Beirut. He would be unable to implement his (and Rabin's) goal of radically changing the foundations of Lebanon so as to guarantee a lasting solution of Israel's security problems in the north, while at the same time breaking the political and military backbone of the PLO.

For both Sharon and Rabin, this was a war against Palestinian nationalism: a war to secure not

OF THE HUNDREDS of crucial decisions taken during this war, none was more crucial than the one to engage the Syrians. War with the Syrians was the key to the attainment of Sharon's carefully mapped strategy for a different Middle East.

When he became defence minister — a position few in this country believed he would ever reach — Sharon inherited fertile ground on which to build. He inherited two complete military options for war in Lebanon, backed by a strong military alliance with Phalangist leader Bashir Jemayel. He inherited trustfully in South Lebanon, Major Sa'ad Haddad, and a chief of staff, Rafael Eitan, who shared the same basic military philosophy: might is right.

Most important of all, Sharon inherited the power to move the division necessary to translate philosophy into action.

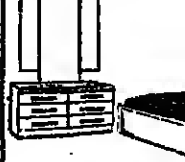
Sharon's view: that it was neces-

for one and a minor one, both called *Oranbin*. Only the small one was sanctioned.


There is no question that when Sharon ordered the IDF into battle, his mandate was for a limited action to the Awali River, to a depth of 40 kilometres from the Israeli border in all areas except the Bekaa. He had no mandate to attack the Syrians. In fact, the contrary was true.

Begin had initially tended towards the larger plan, but as the debate around the cabinet table dragged on, he modified his position.

There was no way Sharon could have misunderstood his mandate. There was also no way he was going to accept it. And there you have the basis of all that went wrong with this war — a war that the government expected to last three days and to end on the Awali; a war that is continuing a year later, and that could end with a unilateral retreat to the




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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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PAGE SEVEN

ONE YEAR AGO this week, Israel embarked on a military campaign which it declared was to shatter the Palestine Liberation Organization as a political and a military force — in its latter stages — to force and — in its latter stages — to reshape the political map of the Middle East by bringing Lebanon into a "peace triangle" along with itself and Egypt.

A year later, the PLO is still very much a force to be reckoned with, as the almost daily guerrilla attacks on Israeli troops in Lebanon so plainly demonstrate.

And, although Israel has a formal but so far unimplementable agreement with Lebanon, the dream of a united Lebanon under the firm rule of a pro-Israeli Christian-dominated government that would follow Egypt into a peaceful relationship with Israel appears as far off as ever.

For all that, the war unleashed when Israel invaded Lebanon a year ago has wrought several significant changes in the Arab world — although not necessarily the changes Prime Minister Menachem Begin had in mind, and not all of them changes to Israel's advantage.

PERHAPS the most radically affected by the Israeli invasion has been the PLO, the prime target of the operation.

Prior to the invasion, the PLO was riding the crest of a diplomatic wave, with its leader, Yasser Arafat, successfully managing to silence his radical critics in the organization through the proven effectiveness of his diplomatic strategy.

The alternative strategy of armed struggle favoured by the radicals was relegated to the sidelines as Arafat scored point after diplomatic point, leaving Israel increasingly isolated internationally and ever harder put to convince even its few remaining friends that the PLO was little more than a "murderous bunch of terrorists."

Operation Peace for Galilee has changed all that. Deprived of his more or less autonomous "state-within-a-state" in southern Lebanon, and with the bulk of the PLO now in areas under total Syrian domination, Arafat has lost his freedom of action.

Although he persisted with his diplomatic offensive for several months after the PLO's expulsion from Beirut last August, pursuing an intensive political dialogue with Jordan with a view to ousting Israel from the West Bank by granting King Hussein the mandate he sought to enter the Middle East peace process under the terms of the initiative launched by President Reagan last September, Arafat discovered last April that the centre of gravity within the PLO had passed from him to the radical opponents of his diplomatic strategy.

The result was the rupture of the dialogue with Jordan, due to the vehement opposition of the PLO radicals supported by Syria, and, to all intents and purposes, the demise of Arafat's diplomatic option.

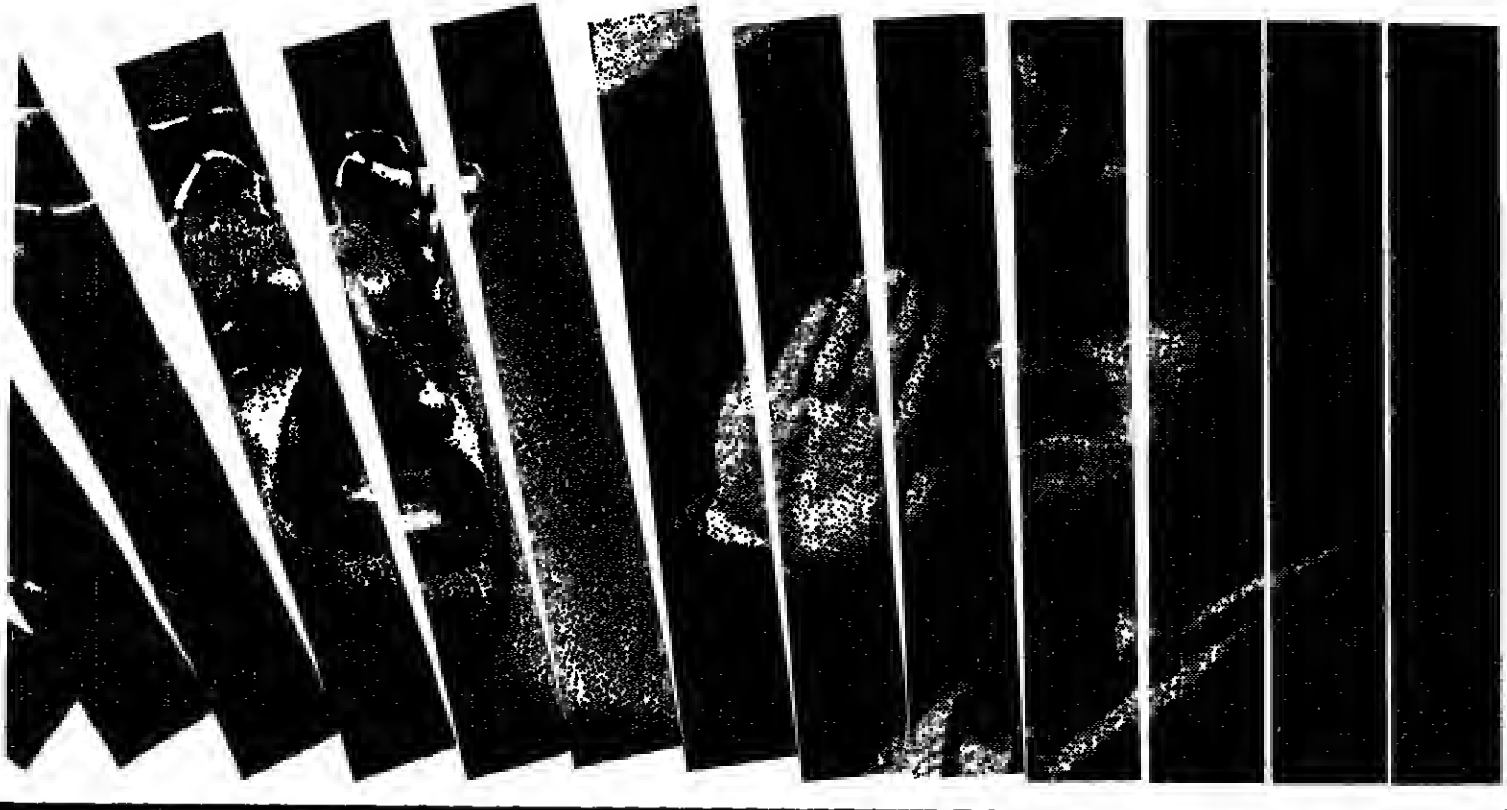
IF ARAFAT was a little tardy in recognizing the consequences of the shift in power within the PLO towards the pro-Syrian radicals, the smouldering revolt inside his own PLO movement during the past four weeks will have driven the lesson home.

Intensive efforts are now under way to heal the rift in PLO in a manner that will leave the PLO united under the continued leadership of Arafat, but plainly radicalized.

Like it or not, Arafat will find

Lebanese dominoes

Despite its military losses, Syria appears to have gained most from the war in Lebanon. Post Middle East Affairs Reporter DAVID BERNSTEIN surveys the effects of Operation Peace for Galilee on the Arab world.



himself dancing to the tune of Syria and its radical protégés in the PLO, committed to "armed struggle" rather than diplomacy as the prime weapon against Israel — just as the radicals were forced to dance to his diplomatic tune in the years preceding last June's invasion.

On balance, the transformation of the PLO as a result of the war in Lebanon represents a victory of sorts for Israel. For there can be little doubt now that the political threat posed by the PLO prior to last June, as it forced Israel into an ever tighter corner diplomatically, was at least as great as, if not greater than, the military threat posed by the PLO's growing military infrastructure in Lebanon.

But it is a victory with a sting. And the almost daily toll in Israeli dead and wounded at the hands of Palestinian guerrillas in Lebanon is the direct consequence of the shattering of the PLO's political option, leaving the field open to the radicals with their dedicated commitment to armed struggle as both the most effective and ideologically the soundest means of realizing Palestinian nationalist aspiration.

Moreover, there is also the definite danger that the current guerrilla war against Israeli combatants in Lebanon could yet degenerate into an unbridled terrorist war against Israeli non-combatants in Israel and abroad — precisely the kind of action last June's Operation Peace for Galilee was designed to prevent.

THE NEXT most profoundly affected by the Israeli invasion was probably Lebanon itself.

Lebanon, prior to the invasion, was an anarchic conglomerate of conflicting interests precariously poised in volatile equilibrium through the shifting checks and balances of an extremely complex system of armed politics.

The invasion changed all that, shattering the system and totally upsetting the equilibrium by eliminating the PLO and its leftist Lebanese allies as military forces in Beirut and southern Lebanon, driving Lebanon's Syrian overlords out of Beirut and into the eastern Bekaa Valley, and leaving Israel's Phalange "allies" as the country's sole surviving military force.

The stage seemed set, last August, for the emergence of a powerful Phalange-controlled central government in Beirut that would be able to exercise its hegemony over the country's now powerless Moslem majority and enter into a relationship of peace with the Israeli "liberators."

However, somewhere along the line, the plan went badly wrong. Perhaps the main reason for this was that Israel's military victory over Syria was only partial, and the Syrians still maintained a powerful military presence in northern and eastern Lebanon, from where they were able to exercise an effective veto over any attempt by Lebanon to take itself out of the general Arab orbit and into a special relationship with Israel.

Thus, the Phalange, even before the assassination of Bashir Jemayel last September, were not confident of their ability to impose their hegemony on the whole country, and realized even then that they would have to come to terms not only with Syria but also with Syria's Moslem and Druse protégés inside Lebanon.

Months of protracted and largely futile negotiation clearly reflected the degree to which the Lebanese negotiators had to take into account the sensibilities of Damascus and its protégés — and even the extremely watered down agreement Israel managed to wrest from Lebanon last month has been viewed by Damascus as going too far and is,

consequently, unimplementable short of removing Syria's veto either through force or major political concession.

THE RESULT is that Lebanon today is as fragmented and divided as it was a year ago, with a new equilibrium emerging based on a new system of armed politics.

Only today, the players are different. The PLO is now a peripheral player, restricted to Syrian-controlled northern and eastern Lebanon and almost totally under Damascus's thumb. The Phalange has been denied the central role it aspired to, and finds itself relegated to policing the Maronite heartland north of Beirut and locked in a murderous Lebanese-style shootout with the Druse for control of the mixed-population central Shouf mountains.

The major players today are Israel and Syria, and whatever equilibrium is finally struck in Lebanon will be the result of some form of understanding, tacit or otherwise, between Jerusalem and Damascus.

This could be anything from an Israeli assertion of its predominance by forcibly ousting the Syrians from Lebanon, to an Israeli concession of Damascus's predominance by unilaterally leaving Lebanon with the Syrians firmly ensconced in northern and eastern Lebanon — and, no doubt, before very long, in Beirut and central Lebanon as well.

The most probable outcome, however, would appear to be a compromise amounting to a *de facto* partition of Lebanon, with Syria conceding Israel's special security interests in southern Lebanon and Israel conceding Syria's special security interests in northern and eastern Lebanon.

For those who view Lebanon as a sovereign state like any other, this would be a very sad outcome and

poor reward for so much death and destruction.

But for those who hold that Lebanon is not really a sovereign, integrated state in the usual sense might concede that the country could do a lot worse than settle into an equilibrium based on the mutually recognized interests of its two powerful neighbours, Syria and Israel — something that would assure it a measure of stability at the expense of a largely spurious sovereignty, and let it get on with the business of reconstruction and economic recovery.

SYRIA is probably the country that has gained most from the Lebanon war, despite the devastating blow dealt to its air force and air defence system.

Politically, certainly, Syria has emerged from comparative isolation prior to the invasion to a position of almost unprecedented centrality in Arab politics.

Not only has it managed successfully to foil any attempt to take Lebanon out of the general Arab orbit through its powerful military presence in the north and east of the country, but it has also managed, through its newly acquired hegemony over an increasingly radicalized PLO, to scuttle Washington's attempt to woo Jordan into the Middle East peace process.

Its power today as "spoiler" in Arab politics is thus without precedent, and it has served notice that any future peace moves in the region will have to take Damascus's interests very much into account.

Moves are already afoot, according to Arab reports this week, to convene a summit in a bid to arrive at an Arab consensus on Lebanon that would probably link any Syrian withdrawal to an overall peace offensive designed to oust Israel from all Arab lands occupied

in 1967 — including the Golan Heights.

That is not to say that such a development will have very much practical effort, given Jerusalem's — and probably also Washington's — predictable rejection of any such scenario.

But the gesture will undoubtedly have to be made. For the rest, Syria can probably rest assured that it has the capacity to remain in Lebanon indefinitely, secure in the knowledge that its ground forces at least put up a sufficiently credible performance against Israel last summer to deter an understandably casually-shy Jerusalem from contemplating another costly confrontation.

AS FOR the rest of the Arab world, the repercussions of the war in Lebanon have probably been felt most profoundly by Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Egypt.

Jordan has been most concerned about the PLO's loss of its territorial base in Lebanon and its consequent radicalization and subservience to Syria.

Its attempt to pre-empt the PLO's threat to itself by reaching a political settlement with Arafat was, as we have seen, scuttled by Syria and the PLO radicals last April, and Jordan must today be haunted by the spectre of a Syrian-controlled, radicalized PLO directing its armed struggle not only against Israel, but also against itself.

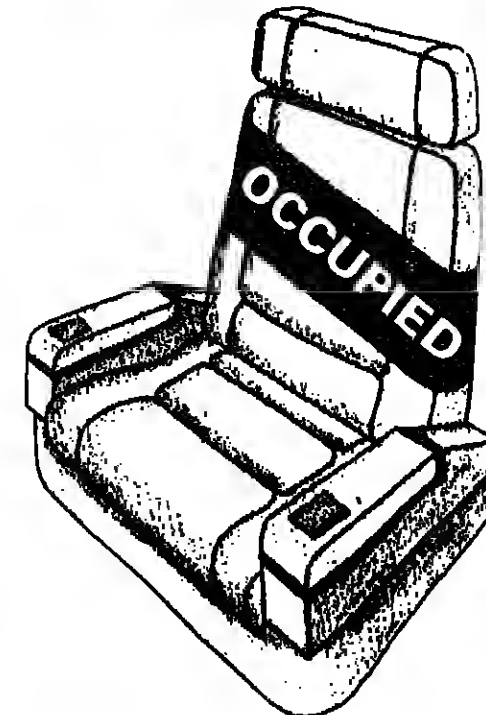
Saudi Arabia, too, has shown clear signs of nervousness at the transformation wrought in the PLO as a result of the war in Lebanon. As one of the most conservative and reactionary regimes in the region, it can hardly view with equanimity the ascendancy in the PLO of radicals like George Habash and Nayef Hawatmeh, whose political philosophy embraces not only the liberation of Palestine but also the overthrow of regimes like that of the Saudis.

Finally, Egypt has found itself caught in a cruel dilemma as a result of the war. It was extremely embarrassed by its status as the only Arab state to maintain diplomatic relations with an Israel that had invaded a fellow-Arab country. But at the same time, it hoped that the war would unleash political forces that would enable it to end its own isolation in the Arab world by extending the circle of Arab states at peace with Israel to include Lebanon and possibly also Jordan. That would explain its enthusiastic support for the Reagan plan, as well as its support for the recently concluded Israeli-Lebanese agreement.

IN THE final analysis, then, Israel's invasion of Lebanon has resulted in an unmistakable radicalization of Arab politics, with the pro-Syrian radicals now dominating the PLO and Syria itself holding centre stage in the Arab world.

The movement towards a possible impetus for the U.S.-initiated peace process broke down last April, when Washington failed to give Arafat the assurances he needed to risk a disintegration of the PLO by going to the brink with the radicals for the chance of gaining some form of Palestinian entity in the West Bank and Gaza.

That opportunity to bolster the moderates in the Middle East was missed, and is not likely to recur — unless some radical revision of Washington's policy is able to induce it to back an Arab move to resolve the entire Arab-Israeli conflict along the lines laid down at last September's Arab summit in Fez.



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Project of Tel Aviv-Yaffa Municipality, Tel Aviv Development Fund The Khan Theatre Presents: "GIMPBL TAM" Musical based on the story by Eshkol Shnitzer. Tomorrow, Sat. evening, June 11; Sun., June 12; Mon., June 13; Tue., June 14; Wed., June 15. Shortly — midnight film showings. Name of films and showing times to be announced shortly. Tickets: Levai and other agencies.

Enchanted Summer Nights



Kol Yisrael — Music Division Presents:

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA

Jaan-Pieter Rampal (France)

Conductor and Soloist

In an all Mozart Programme

Sunday, June 12, 1983

8.30 p.m. at the Jerusalem Theatre

Tickets available at Kloyim and at the Jerusalem Theatre box office

The Cameran Singers

Conductor: Avner Itai

Programme: Siegal Matar by Dominico Scarlatti

Also works by: Gellius, Lottli, Rosellini, Bartok,

Zvi Avni, Moshe Resnik

Accompanied by: Anet Sharon-Tavor

Tuesday, June 14, 1983, 8.30 p.m., Y.M.C.A. Auditorium

Tickets available at Kloyim and at Y.M.C.A. box office

"MY ACTION has to be viewed in the context of the situation at that time," declares Eli Geva, who asked to be relieved of his command last July, when the Israel Defence Forces were poised to enter West Beirut. The commander of an armoured brigade, one of the first to reach the Lebanese capital in Operation Peace for Galilee, Geva asked to stay on as an ordinary soldier, but he was dismissed from the IDF.

"I did not desert my troops, or refuse to serve, or disobey orders," stresses the young officer. "I am firmly opposed to insubordination; but this was one of those rare occasions when expressing your opinion through the usual channels was not enough."

At the time, Geva's action launched one of the most heated public debates in an already controversial war. From the forward bases in Lebanon to army camps at home, on television and in the press, in the streets and in private apartments, the discussion raged. Eli Geva became a symbol. To some, he was a deserter who shirked the battle. To others, he was a noble man of principle, prepared to sacrifice a brilliant military career for the sake of his beliefs.

Eli Geva is an improbable symbol. He is thin-jawed and rather stout; the first thing that strikes one about him is his youth. He is soft-spoken and hesitant, all too aware of the complexity of the issues that he has raised.

I spoke to him in his comfortable but modest Ra'anana apartment. His wife was doing the cleaning, after a day of law studies. His three young children, in the process of going to bed, were making the usual demands of their parents. The young ex-officer, now manager of an industrial plant in the Haifa area, arrived after 9 p.m. He works a long day, but sees more of his family than in his IDF days.

A professional soldier, and the son of former OC central command, Yosef Geva, Eli Geva became the youngest unit-in-shine in the IDF in recent years, when he received the rank five years ago. He was widely regarded as one of the most promising officers in the army and definitely slated for one of the most senior positions.

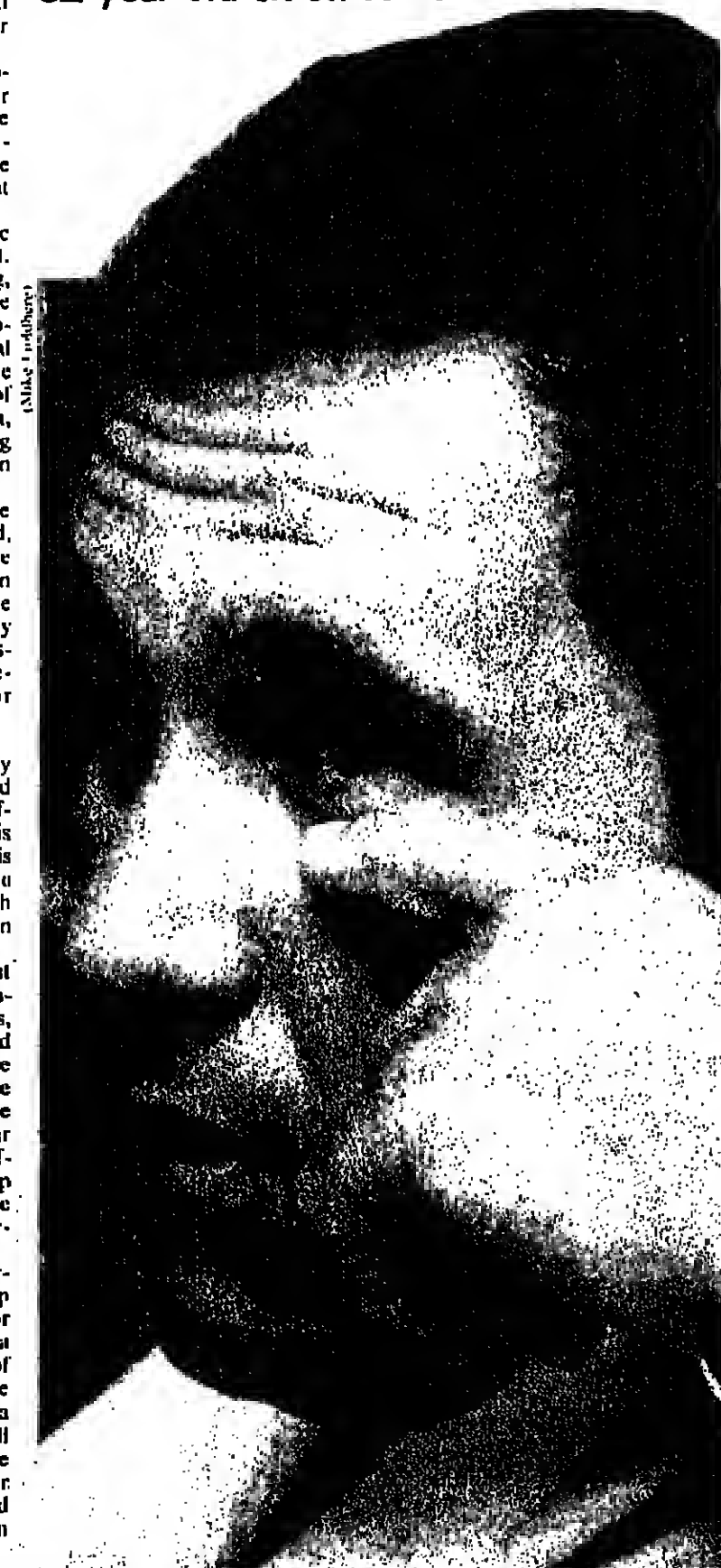
EXPOUNDING the philosophy behind his action, Geva explained that he does not believe it is sufficient for an officer to lead his troops in battle. In his view, there is an "unwritten contract" between a commander and his soldiers which obliges him to do whatever he can to safeguard their lives.

The entry of the IDF into West Beirut last July was also unacceptable because of civilian casualties, he thinks, but his first concern had been for the lives of his soldiers. He does not offer an estimate of the number, but cites the battle in the city of Suez in the Yom Kippur War to show the high casualty rate suffered by troops fighting in a built-up area. Going into West Beirut, he says, would have cost the IDF dearly.

The television newsreel was carrying a report of the Syrian build-up when he came in; switching it off for our interview, he admitted to a sense of frustration at being out of things. "Of course at times like these you feel you could make a contribution," he says, "but I still think I did the right thing." At the time he had discussed the matter with his father. "But I am an old man of 32 and I make my own decisions."

Clash of symbols

When Eli Geva asked to be relieved of his command, he put an end to what had been a promising IDF career. A year after the start of the war in Lebanon, he has no regrets about his controversial decision. The Post's DANIEL GAVRON spoke to the 32-year-old ex-officer last week.



He admits that it was difficult. "Not that I actually lost any sleep — that's not my style." But he spent two weeks going over the various scenarios in his mind, followed by several more days of hard-hitting discussions with the top brass.

Geva will not name names; but he angrily rejects the statement (made on television by former chief of staff Rafael Eitan) that there had been no arguments. "You can imagine how fierce the disputes were," he says. He admits to the veracity of the dialogue between him and Prime Minister Menachem Begin, published in *The Jerusalem Post* and a number of other papers, in which he said he could see children in West Beirut through his binoculars.

"I wanted to sharpen the image," he explains. "So I told him that, when you look through your binoculars, you see children and old folk." Everyone knew that there were civilians there. "My question to the prime minister still stands: what about the fate of those children, if we had gone in?"

GEVA SUPPORTED the initial 45 kilometre drive into Lebanon, while stressing that it was not a question of kilometres, but of principle. The IDF was right to act with all possible force against those terrorists who posed an immediate threat to the northern border. But the idea of imposing a "new order" in a neighbouring country, or of solving the Palestinian problem, was illusory. The IDF is a powerful fighting force; but it is vital to understand the limitations of power, he maintains. The national leadership had not understood this during the Lebanon war, which led to an unnecessary widening of the conflict.

Even if the army had entered West Beirut then, it would not have solved the Palestinian problem or the problem of terrorism. By the same logic, the IDF should go into Tripoli, Damascus and Amman. Force has to be used with restraint; it is not the only element. Israel cannot impose its will on its neighbours; there are too many other factors at work, he suggests.

I asked Geva whether he thought his asking to be relieved of his command had prevented the entry into West Beirut. No, he replied, there had been a number of considerations: The delaying tactics of the U.S., the growing opposition at home, including in the army. There was concern about world opinion. If his action had made a small contribution, he was satisfied.

He does not feel that he was "deserted" by fellow officers, who thought as he did, but kept quiet. It had been a personal decision on his part; but he does have some criticism for those officers who did not even protest through the usual channels. "I don't think they kept faith with their own troops," he says.

He angrily denies that his decision was influenced by the tough battles on the road to Beirut. This argument was put forward by "those who don't have the answers to other questions." The political and military leadership should ask itself why it had expanded the operation and "pushed forward to all sorts of positions" without any real gains, he argues. Things had not worked out the way that the leadership planned, that is certain. "Even if they decide that Eli Geva is not a great hero, it is not relevant and it does not answer the other questions."

Eli Geva is not important, he insists. It is the principle that is impor-

tant. He has just read a book about Vietnam and thinks that, if some of the American and French officers had acted according to their convictions instead of blindly obeying orders, many blunders would have been avoided.

HE RE-AFFIRMS that he made mistakes in the war, just as all the other commanders made mistakes. Whoever says he did not make mistakes is simply being dishonest, he says. "I am prepared for an investigation to see who made the most errors."

He feels that it is still too early to talk about the military aspects of the campaign; but he hints that he will have plenty to say on this score. At this point he is prepared to go on record as saying: "There are many lessons to be learned from the recent campaign — positive and (to my regret) negative. I hope that the IDF will learn them properly."

The IDF is still a good army, is Geva's opinion. There are a number of superb units and some not so good; but the Israeli soldier is still a good soldier and most officers and men performed well in the recent war. If he were making decisions in the IDF today, one of his main concerns would be to ensure that the army not be pushed into unnecessary situations. He hints that the current involvement in Lebanon's Shouf mountains is in this category.

GEVA SPEAKS with enthusiasm about his army career. It was a stimulating challenge, he recalls. At first he decided to stay in the army for patriotic reasons. "Later you are caught up in the organization and planning, the operation of men and machines. You know that you are dealing with matters central to the welfare of the state."

Had he seen it as his task to prevent war? He admits that, prior to the Yom Kippur War, he had set with a fellow-officer and wondered when they would get a chance to prove themselves. Then, during that war, when he was a company commander in the Golan, he came across the friend in a pause in the battle. "We sat and recalled how we had felt and we told each other what fools we had been." Two hours later his friend was dead. "Anyone who has fought in a war does not get looking for one," he asserts. "You fight if you have to; but you would rather not." The Litani Operation had found him studying political science at Bar-Ilan University, so he had not taken an active part in that campaign.

THE ENTRY into West Beirut after Hashir Jemayel's assassination had been inevitable, in Geva's opinion, taking into account the basic assumptions of the leadership; but this did not mean it was wise. The massacres in Sabra and Shatila could have been avoided, he felt. "Our leaders were not born yesterday and they should have known what would happen if Christian forces were allowed into a Palestinian camp."

Geva felt that the Lebanon war had "pushed the Palestinian problem into a corner," before Israel was ready for it. The government had not really worked out the full implications of autonomy, or of another solution to the problem. The war forced the problem out into the open and Israel was not really prepared.

In principle he was in favour of a strike against the terrorist infrastructure in South Lebanon; but he does not see any logic in wanting to put the Palestinian refugees to flight again. On the contrary, he

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRUKIYA — Uzi Lev and Ruth Wides in a dramatization of Talmudic and Mishnaic sources. In English. Pargod, 94 Bezalet, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.

THEATRE FOR ALL — Improvisations directed by Laura Hancock. (Zavita, 38 King George, tonight)

Tel Aviv area

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Dana Doronine. Written by Doro and Francine Kame, directed by Ilan Haid and translated by Ada Ben Nachum. (Tzavta, 30 Ha Tiroel, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

LAPANSKY CHALK CIRCLE — By Bechi, Cameri production. (Cameri, tomorrow and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday at 8.30 and 8.30 p.m.)

THE YAR CONNECTION — Musical comedy based on the story by L. Baskin. Singer. (Varkon Park, tomorrow through Thursday)

THE YAR CONNECTION — By Yonatan Gidon. Directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Ben Levan, 34 Weizmann, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JULIUS CAESAR — Shakespeare's tragedy in an updated setting by the ZOA House Drama Circle. In English. ZOA House, 1 Daniel Friesch, Monday and Wednesday

LATE DIVORCE — By A.B. Yehoshua. Yovel-Nave Zedek Theatre production. (Nave Zedek Theatre Centre, 6 Yehiel tomorrow and Sunday at 9 p.m.)

MONUMENT REVERSED — By Joseph Mundy. Yovel Theatre production. (Beit Lessin, Tuesday and Thursday)

NOISES OFF — By Michael Frayn. Cameri production. (Cameri, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — A light comedy by Harold Levin. A Cameri Theatre production. (Cameri, Tuesday at 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.)

TASHMAU — By Shmuel Hershoni. Produced by the Theatre Group. (Nave Zedek Theatre Centre, 6 Yehiel, tonight at 10)

IRQAN WOMEN — Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Thursday)

TRUE WEST — Cameri production. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 7.30 p.m.; Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

YOSHE EDEL — By I.J. Singer. Habimah

production. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

AMADEUS — By Peter Shaffer. Cameri Theatre production. (Municipal Theatre, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

BACK HOME — Musical by the AACI Haifa English Theatre. (Beit Hefayal, 13 Sd. Ben-Gurion, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

BENT — By Martin Sherman. Haifa Theatre production. (Municipal Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

CATS IN THE BAG — Comedy produced by the Haifa Theatre. (Traklin, tomorrow and Wednesday at 10.30 p.m.)

THE ISLAND — Arabic play directed by Ami Gazi. (Haifa Theatre, tonight at 9.30)

THE ISRAELI EXPERIENCE — Based on stories by Y. Reuveni. Directed by Gedalia Besser. (New Shalom, tonight)

THE YAR CONNECTION — Ilvit Abba Kluushy, tonight at 10

LATE DIVORCE — (Auditorium, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE SURVIVOR — Play about the Holocaust by Jack Kanner. (Municipal Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other towns

THE ASSISTANT — Haifa Theatre production of Bernard Malamud's story. (Mishalot, Monday at 9 p.m.)

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — (Kin (tomorrow, tonight)

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — By Brecht. Beersheva Theatre production. (Beersheva, Ben Hurim, Monday through Thursday)

GOOM — By C.P. Taylor. Cameri production directed by Ilan Ruten. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nigler, Tuesday)

THE ISRAELI EXPERIENCE — (Rosh Haayin, Ashdod, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Ashdod, Mafat, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE YAR CONNECTION — (Gadera, Tzavta, Kiryat Haim, Wednesday)

A JEWISH SOUL — By Yehoshua Sobol. Haifa Theatre production. (Haifa, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; Ayelet Hashahar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

LATE DIVORCE — (Rishon Lezion, Cultural Centre, tonight at 10)

MONUMENT REVERSED — (Rehovot, Wm, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CLOWNS OF EDEN — Lila Theatre production. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m. Holon, Mafat, tomorrow at 4.30 p.m.; Beit Yam Hall, Wednesday at 4.15 p.m.)

A THOUSAND FACES — Pantomime with John Chagrin and Rolanda Kahn. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 4.30 p.m.)

Haifa

THE SURVIVOR — Play about the

Holocaust by Jack Kanner. (Municipal Theatre, Wednesday and Thursday at 11 a.m.)

Other towns

CLOWNS OF EDEN — (Atula, Tuesday)

FROM LEAH GOLDBERG WITH LOVE — Directed by Bilha Nass. (Kiryat Gat, Wednesday)

JOURNEY TO OLEI ISLAND — By Miriam Yellin. Directed by Bilha Nass. (Beit Shemesh, Monday)

JULIAN CHAGRIN — Pantomime. (Peish Tikva, Mafat, tomorrow at 6.30 p.m.)

NINE STORIES AND ONE MORE — Musical based on folk stories of Israel. Yovel Theatre production. (Sderot, Matnes, Thursday at 10 a.m.)



Nick Nish as Dore and Debra Winger as Sisy in MGM's version of the John Steinbeck novel, 'Canterbury Tales'.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Auditorium Hotel, Saturday at 9 p.m.; King David Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weststock, directed by Michael Schneider. (Haifa, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUILAR — Avner Strauss plays classical, jazz and flamenco pieces. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yael Salomon, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Wed. at 8 p.m.; Haim Butlin plays classical, jazz and Israeli music. (Zorba the Buddha, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Late of Israel dancers. (Palmir Tzuman folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Rehovot, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weisgal, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Sam Ghubane, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nobis Road, Thurs. at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With well-known Israeli musicians. (Pargod, 94 Bezalet, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ — "The Pic," with Shmuel Kovalsky, saxophone. (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday)

JAZZ PLUS ONE — (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK — Sandra Johnson with Liz Magnes, piano, and Barry

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — (Tzavta, folkdancers, folk songs, Khatia drummers. (VMA, X, Monday at 9 p.m.)

MISHAL, MELEVE MALKA — (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

REVEN HARRIS — Fiddle and mandolin. (Classical and folk music. (Zorba the Buddha, tonight at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARIEL ZILBER — (Moadon Shabul, Herzliah Centre, tonight at midnight)

ASHKOLIT — (Beit Hashita song troupe. (Tzavta, 30 Ha Tiroel, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Details as for Jerusalem. (Holon, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

COUNTRY AND BLUES — Orly Gruper. (Auditorium Shabul, Monday at midnight)

DANNY LITANI — (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

JAZZ CELLAR — Albert Pimentra, Moshe Kaufman, Nossim Yemmi, George Tauber, Avraham Felder, Teddy Kling, (Beit Lessin, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

MATIL CASPI — (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 and 11 p.m.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK — Sandra Johnson with Liz Magnes, piano, and Barry

Kathleen, drums. (Beit Lessin, tonight at midnight)

ONE-TIME ACT — Shalom Bar Aba, Gidi Giv, Shimon Yaday, Moshé Mashanov, Yoni Reicher. (Beit Hefayal, tomorrow at 9.30; Monday at 9 p.m.)

TONIGHT STARRY — Presented by Barry Kaufman. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Kravitz. (Holon, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

DRUNK WITH JOY — Yossi Baran in his new programme of song, satire and comedy. (Auditorium, Sunday at 8 p.m.; Municipal Theatre, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30; Monday at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — (Kiryat Malachi, Matnes, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

PANTOMIME — Hanoch Rusanne. (Klar Sava, Auditorium, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

PROTEST SONGS — Ricki Raz. (Peish Tikva, Mafat, tonight at 10)

Other towns

APPLES OF GOLD — (Eilat, Mafat, Thursday at 9.30)

DRUNK WITH JOY — (Kiryat Haim, Beit Ha'am, tonight at 10)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER — (Kiryat Malachi, Matnes, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

PANTOMIME — Hanoch Rusanne. (Klar Sava, Auditorium, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

PROTEST SONGS — Ricki Raz. (Peish Tikva, Mafat, tonight at 10)

DANCE

Jerusalem

ALL NATIONS DANCE COMPANY — (Hehar Centre, 11 Bezalet, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

RINA SCHENFELD DANCE THEATRE — "Sculpting on a Wall." Outdoor performances. (Yael Levanon, 63 Pinkas, Tuesday and Thursday at 8 p.m.)

OLAPKEIA KRANICHES — Movement, theatre, sculpture and sound. Choreography by Ruth Eshel. (Beit Lessin, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

BAT SHEVA WORKSHOP — Choreographies by Paul Bloom, Tami Ben-

ALL NATIONS DANCE COMPANY — (Holon, Monday through Thursday at 8 p.m.)

WALKING TOURS

Jerusalem through the Ages — Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. — The Citadel, Jewish Quarter, Old Yishuv, Court Museum, reconstructed Sephardi synagogues, Western Wall.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. — The Channanin and Israeli theatre in Jerusalem.

Wednesday at 9.30 p.m. — The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Sunday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate, and last 3-3.30 hours. Tickets may

be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.

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4

OF THE three fun-dance troupes that recently visited Israel, Pilobolus has by far the most substantial values. Mummenschausz was a satirical, sophisticated manifestation of mimicry. The American Ballet Comedie depended on parody of serious dance for its best laughs. Pilobolus is an extension of movement experience. It has turned the human body into a medium for plastic art, finding new possibilities for shape, and new resources in the combination of bodies, making them seem weightless and boneless but always beautiful.

In all the works I saw, there was a drive towards a delicate balance of forces, even where the action was most strenuous and when many minds created the choreography. Consider *The Empty Sator* (Tel Aviv, May 29), by four choreographers and three composers. The fact that it was commissioned for the 1980 Winter Olympics gave it a clue to its character. Nobody could miss the sports connotations, especially when two men did wonders with alpine sticks on make-believe ice and in make-believe water. One man teetered on rollers and produced thrills of anxiety and enjoyment like those one gets from acrobats.

Or consider *Molly's Not Dead* (Jerusalem June 4), by eight choreographers and three composers (plus Talking Heads). Here Cynthia Quinn's behind was as mobile and leaping as anything the other dancers could show. Yet nobody overstepped the edge of comedy into farce. In much of it, they moved as if they were physically joined together, but they were ut-

Boneless and beautiful



DANCE
Dora Sowden

terly pliant, up, down or sideways, and their horizontal and vertical

clusters required incredible skill. All had equal malleability, but a solo, choreographed by Alison Chase (music: June Ira Bloom) made Carol Parker more conspicuous. In *Mummenschausz*, she entered in a sitting position, propelled by little steps, sailing along as if on water. When she straightened, her long dress (by Kitty Dayle) made her look seven-foot tall. Her hands constantly explored the air and herself. At one point, pulling her hair back, she struck poses as in an Egyptian frieze.

She was all kinds of woman: seduced (by her own arm), and seductress (hared leg extended), stretching like a cat on a hot tin roof, spinning like a top faster than eye speed, a charmer, a loner. She exited upright, the material again swirling round her like water. The essence was pure entertainment. In *Banana*, which my gardening friend told me refers to Japanese miniature trees, Japanese music thrilled and walked. There were serious moments, as when men stood like atlantes supporting women standing straight up like caryatides.

Yet this was perhaps the most comic of the works — dancers crawling on all fours like simians, or two bodies combining as one (the second forming a "belly" on the first), helpfully resembling Japanese wrestlers.

Then came *Day Two*, choreographed by Mosca Pendleton, one of the Pilobolus originals, and seven others (sound: "Fungus Imperfectus"). Just when one began to think they were repeating themselves, there came a

staggering development: the "earth" heaved and brought forth six beautiful bodies. The end? By no means. All six skidded in, flat or sitting — on real water. One figure tied himself into a bundle that whirled around till the curtain fell. And yet they slid and swam again, and we could have watched all night and still have asked for more.

AS PART of the "Summer '83" dance season, the Inbal Dance Theatre will present new works by Sara Levi-Tanai, Shlomo Huzar and Lea Avraham at the Neve Zedek Theatre in Tel Aviv on June 20, 21, 23, 25, and in the Jerusalem Theatre on July 9.

Inbal now has a new manager, Haimi Treger, who comes from Omanut L'am in the north, and new public relations guidance from an office headed by Mariel Simon, formerly of the Bat-Dor administration.

Three dancers have been giving hundreds of performances all over the country, mainly in schools, and the full company recently appeared in Belgium under the auspices of the Keren Kayemeth in Antwerp and Brussels, with such success that a return visit is to be arranged.

In July, a revival of Rina Sharet's *Bring My Fortune* will be staged to coincide with the International Conference of North African Jews. Also in the framework of "Summer '83," Rina Schenfeld will take her Dance Workshop out of doors. At Tel Aviv's Yad Lebanim on June 14 she will present her choreography, partly inside the auditorium, and then against an outdoor wall.

The Bat-Dor Company will not be host to the National Dance Theatre of Zaire from July 17, but will present its own programmes during June-July, including Rodney Griffin's *Jeremiah* (music: Leonard Bernstein's "Jeremiah" Symphony) and two works by Dony Reiter-Soffer.

During June and July, the Israel Ballet will give 17 performances in various venues. The new programmes will include a revival of *Carmen* and a world premiere of *Opus One* (music: Wehner), as well as the *Mendelssohn Concerto* (music: piano Concerto No. 2) — all choreographed by Berta Yampolsky.

From the Batseva Company, which has already been very active this month, a special offering will be a work choreographed by Lotte Goslar, who has arrived from the U.S. and is rehearsing the company. The first performance will take place in the Yarkon Park on July 1.

The Batseva II Company is meanwhile preparing a programme choreographed by Siki Koi and Elida Geym for school performances all over the country.

The Kibbutz Company will be hosts to the Japanese modern company Sunkai Juku (dates not yet given); meanwhile they are preparing a joint work by Yehudi Arnon and Yehucov Shurir, which will share a programme with Heda Oren's *Shilma*.

July will be a big month for dance films, which will be presented in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, David Eden, director of the Dance Library, is making the arrangements. More details next week.

Quadruple header

THEATRE / Uri Rapp

AFTER A long winter of discontent in the Israeli theatre, things are looking up. Spring has come with a blossoming of new shows which combine good theatre with social and political significance.

The Haila Municipal Theatre has rushed in with four new pieces all at once; they were crowded into one weekend arranged for critics, reviewers, sympathizers, and subscribers.

The four plays presented an interesting variety of art, entertainment, education and politics. *The Island*, by Athol Fugard, is an important piece of human drama with a South African background; it was played strongly by Yusuf Abu-Verda and Makram Hourri in Arabic. We shall have to return to it on a later occasion.

Another play was *Cats in the Bag*, by Motti Averbuch, a vulgar farce which is quite amusing, with some very good acting by Ruth Segal, Kim Rosenbaum and Ilan Toren. If Israeli actors cannot do

Feydeau, and if we must have belly laughs, then they might as well do native farces.

In contrast to this, *The Survivor*, an adaptation of Jack Eisner's memoir of the Warsaw Ghetto and its uprising, is very sad. It is done as an educational performance, played mainly by high-school students for high-school students (with some professional actors in the adult roles), and it calls up images of the Holocaust for a generation that was not alive when it occurred. It is worth a separate review, later; but meanwhile go to see it.

THE CENTRAL piece of the new repertoire is *Bent*, by Martin Sherman.

Hillel Mittelpunkt's translation into colloquial Hebrew is not only well done but shows the skills of a dramatic writer in his own right.

Some of the unevenness of the play can be perceived in the direction, by Ilan Ronen, which stresses mainly the emotional impact on the viewers, and is either too strong or not strong enough, but is still good enough to leave us with the intense feeling that comes from being emotionally purged.

The hero of the evening is the stage setting by Adrian Vaux. It expresses the changing moods of the play — middle-class homosexual Berlin, a "gay" cabaret, a work camp, a deportation train, and Dachau concentration camp, with

its stark and frightening setting. The story concerns homosexuals in Nazi Germany. They were persecuted like the Jews and some other "categories," and in the early years suffered most from the hostile attitudes of their fellow prisoners.

THE PLOT has dual significance. On the one hand, we have the story of homosexuals: their way of life (the openly declared ones), their love affairs, their tribulations, their sexual mores, and their sufferings under an oppressive regime.

Some of the audience will be shocked by the forthrightness and the strangeness of the milieu. But it seemed to me that it was done in an honest and sincere way.

It is perhaps important for "straights" to gain an insight into how the "other half" live and conduct their affairs. But it is even more important for Jews and Israelis to gain an insight into the suffering of others who passed through a holocaust of their own.

On the other hand, we follow the story of a man who starts as a complete egotist, hard and self-centred, and sure of his ability to stay alive at the expense of others, who finally becomes — mainly in an impressive, mite scene acted by Yossi Pollak — the epitome of human dignity, by accepting his fate and defying oppression, showing solidarity with the victims and disregarding his own safety.

A TRIO of actors — Yossi Pollak, Doron Tavori and Ami Weinberg — carry the burden of the performance and do it well, ably assisted by the setting, as mentioned, and by Paldi Shatzman's music.

The main achievement of the actors is their ability to let a common humanity shine through the eccentricity of a minority group. The people they portray are different from the common run, both in conduct and in the fact that they are at the "mercy" of people whose ideology repudiates "common humanity."

This Week in Israel-The Leading Tourist Guide-This Week in Israel-The Leading

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9.30 pm: Yanka John Schlesinger
Mon. at 7 pm: *The Bridge on the River Kwai*
7.30 pm: small hall *The Black Fox*
9.45 pm: *Les Heritiers* with Isabelle Huppert
Tues. at 4 pm: *Ben Hur* William Wyler
7 pm: *Male and Female* Cecilie B. Denille
9 pm: *The Godfather*
Wed. at 7 pm: *Soerates* Rossellini
8 pm: small hall *Joseph*
9.30 pm: *Southern Comfort*
Thurs. at 7 pm: *A Day Before Yesterday*
9.30 pm: *Revenge of an Actor* midnight: *The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane*
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Tel Aviv, HABIMA, Tues., June 21 at 8.30 pm.
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CHILDREN'S FILM
Sunday, June 12: Monday, June 13; Wednesday, June 15;
and Thursday, June 16 at 16.30
"THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY" - Disney Production Masterpiece
Two dogs and a cat on an adventurous journey home.
Hebrew narration: Uri Zohar

CONCERT
Tuesday, June 14 at 16.30
RECITAL - Rami Bar-Niv, piano

CONCERT
Tuesday, June 14 at 18.30
RECITAL - Rami Bar-Niv, piano
F. Mendelssohn - Rondo Capriccioso Op. 14; J.B. Bach - Pieces from "The Little Notebook for Anna Magdalena Bach"; B. Bar-Niv - Toccata (dedicated to the peace between Israel and Egypt); F. Chopin - Polonaise in A flat major Op. 63; G. Gershwin - Rhapsody in Blue.
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IT WAS WITH a certain amount of trepidation that I prepared myself for Israel Television's very long review of the 12 months of Operation Peace for Galilee. Numerous analyses of this unfinished war had already appeared in the press; there had also been long programmes on radio. So I feared that I might find TV's recapitulation a gilding of refined gold, a painting of the lily - to put it simply, I was terrified that I might be bored by another programme on the same theme. What, bored by a war that cost so much blood? I could imagine what torments my conscience would devise for me if I were to admit to ennui.

But my anxieties proved to be groundless. The programme was fascinating, absorbing, compelling. Never once did my attention wander. It proved once again that the printed word and the sounds heard on radio cannot rival the impact that good television can achieve. It makes the elixir of the other media seem as light as a Jack Dempsey right hook.

Yair Aloni and his team did a truly magnificent job. Aloni edited and compared the programme superbly: he was brilliantly supported by Dan Seeman, Yoram Kinnan, Ehud Yaron and Ya'acov Ahimeir.

There was a curious prelude to the programme, an item on Mabab showing us the happiness in Nahariya and Kiryat Shmona a year after the war. This seemed to indicate that Israel Television might be planning a whitewash job.

We need not have worried. They were eminently fair, but the picture that emerged was of a war that had proved to be a disaster for Israel.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the programme - certainly the strangest - was the virtual absence of Prime Minister Menachem Begin. We saw him for a brief moment, in the first few days of the war, visiting Beaufort Castle, as many VIP's from the Diaspora were to do. Apart from this, nothing. It was as if the conduct of the war and all the political, diplomatic, social and other ramifications of it had nothing to do with the leader of the nation. *Hamlet* was being acted, with the Prince of Denmark appearing only as a hanger-on in a crowd scene.

In fact, Begin has gone only on one single occasion to Lebanon, he has never visited the troops, he has never gone to Beirut. Why not? And why did he not appear on television? Did he have nothing to tell the nation? Was he trying to convey the impression he managed to put across to the Kahan Commission - that he was only remotely involved, he was following the news on the BBC, he had nothing to do with the decision-making process? Aloni altered no explanation of this curious lacuna in the programme.

Seeman dealt with the military aspects of the war, and interviewed Alul Avigdor (Yimush) Ben-Gal and Alul Amir Dron about whether the IDF could and should have done better. Under different circumstances, they suggested, they would have reached Beirut in 72 hours and would have inflicted an even more severe defeat on the Syrians, who are today stronger than they were a year ago. Seeman said that there are now 1,000 PLO terrorists in Beirut.

The reason the IDF did not achieve more, the generals implied, was the lack of definition of the objectives of the war. Even the field commanders were not clear on what they were trying to attain. Ben-Gal

Anguish of a nation

TELEREVIEW
Philip Gillon

added that it was impossible to destroy the PLO by military action only. This refuted the thesis advanced by former chief-of-staff Rafael Eitan shortly before the war started.

The political side of the war was adroitly handled by Yoram Kinnan. He showed us the single shot of Hagan at Beaufort, and then very subtly left hanging in the air the question of whether Begin was at the helm of the ship of state throughout the war. Then he interviewed Minister without Portfolio Arik Sharon and the leader of the opposition, Shimon Peres.

Sharon was not in a soul-searching mood. As far as he is concerned, duhat of any kind is a form of weakness, all the introspection is inspired by perfidious opponents prepared to traffic in blood to bring him down.

When Yaron discussed the repercussions of the War in the Arab world with Zvi Lurie and Itamar Rahinowitz, two expert Arabists, a profound truth emerged. Because Israel never recognized, and still is not prepared to recognise, the Palestinians as a people, Israel is not ready to have any Palestinian political group with real power. This attitude resulted years ago in the vacuum filled by the PLO. Lurie pointed out that, whatever blows we inflict on the PLO, if we do not accept the need to have that vacuum filled, the PLO will always revive to fill it.

Ahimeir, dealing with the social impact of the war, brought us chief nurse Leah Avni and kibbutznik Ya'acov Guterman, whose sons had been killed. Nurse Avni, whose brother fell in the War of Independence, was convinced that her son had not died in vain, that he had fought for a good cause and had contributed to the safety of the nation.

But Guterman would accept no such consolation. A survivor of the Holocaust whose father had perished in a ghetto revolt, he said that for him the song, "The people of Israel live", had been symbolized in his beautiful blond son, the justification for all that had happened to the Jewish people. When that son had been killed for nothing, for an ignoble cause, a political war, a dream was murdered.

MY SYMPATHY for these two fine people and their dead sons prompted a furious thought about a cliché I often hear from the war-mongers. "More people are killed in a year in traffic accidents than in the war in Lebanon, and nobody makes any loss about that." Who says nobody cares? And do the deaths on the roads of people of all ages justify the wanton sacrifice of the country's finest young men at the height of their powers? These cynics might as well point out that everybody dies sooner or later, so why not sooner rather than later, why not in battle instead of on a terminal sickbed?

The final phase of the programme, a debate intended to gather all the threads together, was rather anti-climactic, because it was so like the usual *Moked*. Nevertheless, it did bring us a profound insight from Professor Shalom Ben-Ami. He interpreted the schism in the nation about the war as being really an extension of the political battles of the 1981 electoral campaign. According to his interpretation, the real issue is not peace for Galilee or the military undermining of the PLO, but what is to become of the territories occupied by Israel in 1967. In his inarticulate way, Eitan gropes at the same concept, when he says that the war in Lebanon was really the battle for Eretz Yisrael.

Some people may agree with Sharon that it is almost treasonable to raise all these doubts at a juncture in our history, that there is no room for soul-searching when a country is at war.

A woman rang me up in tears almost a year ago, when I had written sardonically and critically about Sharon's war, which was then spreading way beyond the 45 kilometre line and the officially declared aim of bringing peace to Galilee. She accused me of trying to be clever and of sowing doubts at a time when the funerals of dead soldiers were taking place; she urged me to change my ways until the hostilities ended. As I watched the Aloni review, I wondered whether she was also watching it, and what she was thinking. To my mind, war is so wicked that a nation embarked on it must question, from beginning to end, all the time, whether it is indeed a war of self-defence, to which there is no alternative.

Far from being a sign of weakness, as Sharon claims, the self-doubt and soul-searching are proofs of spiritual strength.

WE HAVEN'T had good local and foreign shows this week. On the domestic side, there was the first episode of *Uthel Ezra Sefor and Sons*. Enthusiastically reviewed the "plot" for the series, shown on Israel TV in April 1981, and am anxiously looking forward to more.

Seldin have I had as many phone calls about my foreign programme as I had about *A Chip of Ruby Glass*, Saturday night's film based on a story by Nadine Gordimer. It was part of a series of six, several of which I had seen on England's Channel Four.

Despite some clumsy moments, the film was very powerful, raw, full of passion and purpose. It presented something I had never come across before in film or even fiction - the lives of the Indians in a Johannesburg slum.

There was one scene which filled me with reminiscent shame; the Indian fruit and vegetable dealer, selling his wares from his truck, talks with a South African housewife with an accent as thick as curried butter. I was thrown way back to my boyhood, when we ran after the Indian vendor in his horse-drawn cart - he had no truck in those days - chanting, "Sammy, Sammy, what you got? Missus, missus, apricot." The more intrepid among us sneaked bananas off the cart, while the Indian shouted imprecations.

Why did we call him "Sammy"? Why did I join in teasing him? I suffered myself from another chant, "Jkey Moses, king of the Jews, sold his wife for a pair of shoes." How could a Jew join in an act of discrimination? This brings me right back to what we are doing in Lebanon, Judea and Samaria. □



Ken Wahl's commandos get rid of the evidence, in "The Soldier."

Force-fed formula

CINEMA / Dan Fainaru

WE ISRAELIS should be very proud of *The Soldier*, for it shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that only our brilliant government, eventually helped by a handful of superbly trained killers, is capable of saving the world from total destruction. The stupid Americans will always be like putty in the hands of the villainous Russians, and will be beaten by them every step of the way. As for the British and the French, they are just snivelling ninies, becoming hysterical and incapable of action whenever a serious crisis erupts.

Now, in spite of what you might suspect, this movie has not been banned by the information department of our Foreign Ministry. At least nothing of the sort is suggested in the credits, which say that it is an Embassy Pictures release, written, produced and directed by James Clacksonhaus. In any case, official involvement in such a production might have created serious coalition friction, for the head of the Mossad's operations in this film is depicted as a rather dishevelled young woman who doesn't shrink from the idea of sleeping with ngyo.

As a matter of fact, she rather resembles doing so, of all places, in Berlin's staid and respectable Kempinsky Hotel. What would the religious partners say about such despicable behaviour in a public official? To be serious for a moment, if such a thing is possible in connection with a picture like *The Soldier*, this is a fourth-rate Bond-like action movie, in which an omnipotent CIA agent (Ken Wahl), known as The Soldier, and his team, with the help of the Israeli secret service, overcome the dastardly plan of the KGB to sabotage 50 per cent of the world's oil resources for the next 300 years unless Israel withdraws from the West Bank. The Americans almost declare war on Israel to force it out of the occupied territories and avert the danger. All kinds of crazy operations are inflicted across the globe, from a sky race in Austria to a Porsche flying from West to East Berlin (this must be a first in that direction), and finally the world is saved once again, in the nick of time.

Action there's plenty of, but not very spectacular, considering the sophistication of today's special-effects departments. Story there is little of, and what there is doesn't make much sense; but that has never been the strong point of this genre. Violence is indulged in in enormous quantities, but sex is kept at bay - indeed, visually it is non-existent. Which should please the censors, who have always considered a truckful of dead bodies more educational than a naked woman.

In other words, this is a formula movie. The kind you put together from a well-worn pattern, in which acting ranges between woody and stolid, and the marvel is how they managed to find somebody to put up the money for the crew to travel around the world on locations.

But then, who ever suspected a film critic of being an astute businessman? On second thoughts, I even suspect a business analyst should have written this review. He might have found something relevant in it.

While both have the same stirring point - a community of society rejects as an allegory of the human condition - the Japanese director goes on to reach into the depth of the human soul, for sad, unpromising, but profoundly thought-out conclusions, while his American counterpart adopts the romantic, old-fashioned, sentimental approach of the Thirties, a kind of mythical glorification of the simpler aspects of life.

Of course, one shouldn't blame director Simon S. Ward (the man who wrote *The Sting*) for this; after all, he has taken it bodily from the John Steinbeck short novel, which may be quite absorbing to read, but hardly stands up to serious analysis.

For what Steinbeck did here (and his companion piece, *Tortilla Flat*) was to elevate misery, destitution, poverty and even mental malfunctioning, to a kind of ideal.

The people in *Cannery Row* are bums, prostitutes, sinners or just retarded persons, whom Steinbeck would like to see as natural children living according to natural laws, in a blissful society which has abolished property as a supreme value, and replaced it with good intentions, kindness of heart and spontaneity. Everything works

marvellously in this world, which might have been just what the doctor ordered Americans to read in the Forties, but looks sadly adolescent now as a philosophy of life.

Poverty and dirt breed sickness and greed, in spite of all the goodwill Steinbeck might have felt when he wrote that his characters were "the true philosophers of the world. In a time when people tear themselves with ambition and nervousness they are relaxed. All of our so-called successful men are sick men, with bad stomachs, bad souls, but Mack (the Row's chief bum) and the boys are healthy and curiously clean. They can do what they want. They can satisfy their appetites without calling them something else." Even the hippy generation wasn't that naive.

FROM A CERTAIN point of view, Ward attacked the novel from the right angle. Since the only level on which it is acceptable nowadays is as a legend, he had production designer Richard McDonald (a man who has done wonders in the past for directors like Losey and Schlesinger) create the whole row from scratch. The result is an imaginary setting, obviously very impressive, very artistic and very well put together, but devoid of any association with Steinbeck's decrepit, disintegrating, rusty and smelly suburb of Monterey.

Since he had no strong, central narrative in *Cannery Row* itself, to glue all these mythically happy people together, Ward went to another Steinbeck story, *Sweet Thursday*, and borrowed the plot about a public figure who hides away in anonymity, transplanting it on one of the original characters of *Cannery Row*. It doesn't add much, but at least it gives Debra Winger the chance to prove she is a talented actress. She plays a hooker with a yen for respectability and an itch for Doc, the central character living on the Row, a spiritual leader of sorts.

Nick Nolte, who did the straight man for Eddie Murphy's verbal stunts in *48 Hours*, is rather too heavy for the part of Doc, but since he is required, once again, to react and not initiate, it doesn't matter too much.

As for Sven Nykvist's camera work, it is as usual beautifully subdued, all pastels and delicate shades, just the right nostalgic tinge to wrap up a legend about Wishful-Thinking Land.

Altogether, this is what I would call a soft movie, not terribly involving, more poetic than narrative, the lyrical side using too many worn-out clichés such as sunrises and sunsets on the beach. It is pleasant to watch, but is this enough nowadays?

THERE ISN'T very much one could say of *Flying High II*. The best thing about it is the refresh it makes of the ingredients in *Flying High I*. It lacks the surprise element of its predecessor, and the team behind it appears to be incapable of sustaining a comic situation for more than 30 seconds without blowing it.

The result is an interminable stream of one-line jokes, some of them amusing but most of them flat. You can't make a joke of a joke, as has been proven countless times before, and it is still true in this case. Director Ken Finkelman has very little to add to the healthy insanity of the original Zucker-Zucker-Abrahams team, and whatever he adds doesn't work.

That the hapless airplane is pointed this time to the moon is of no consequence. The humour is still earthbound. □

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ALL ASPECTS of cultural liberalism died in Germany in the early 1930s. Modernism, whose earlier achievements were still being nurtured throughout Europe, was banned by the Third Reich as unsuitable and decadent; and replaced by a mediocre form of self-serving social realism.

Today, 50 years after Hitler's rise to power, we have come full circle. Appropriately and following on the heels of "New German Painting" (an exhibit depicting the current wave of neo-expressionist art from Berlin), the Tel Aviv Museum, with the cooperation of the Federal Republic of Germany and the Israel Foreign Ministry, has been lucky to receive Expressionists — The Buchheim Collection, a comprehensive survey considered the most important private collection of expressionist works. It comprises some 470 paintings, drawings, watercolours and prints.

Expressionism was essentially a German movement. Although it is often equated with the French Fauvists ("Wild Beasts," Matisse, Derain *et al.*), it must be noted that Expressionism was not a decorative style but a violent anti-establishment movement aimed at destroying both the authoritarian elements in Imperial German society and its *petit bourgeois* nationalism.

AS shown handsomely in the Buchheim Collection, Expressionism originated in Dresden in 1905 with six artists of "Die Brücke": Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Erich Heckel, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, Max Pechstein, Emil Nolde and Otto Mueller. Their artistic restlessness and discontent, regarded as a protest against social injustice and

academism, found an outlet in a direct, honest, expression of their inner emotions. Also, their yearning for a less formal, more natural, life style led them to concentrate on the nude, in both landscape and studio compositions.

CHARACTERIZED by broad fields of pure, contrasting colours and dark, angular contours (see the marvellous Kirchner and Heckel canvasses) most expressionists relied on impulsive, almost savage, drawing as the foundation for distorted images. Besides their own Gothic traditions, the expressionists were influenced by the art of tribal Africa on the one hand and Van Gogh, Gauguin, Munch and Ensor on the other.

Gil Goldfine

Several artists of "Der Blaue Reiter" (Munich, 1911), Feininger, Marc and Jawlensky, are represented in the Buchheim Collection with less depth and scope than their *Die Brücke* cousins. Two dozen independent expressionists who worked in Germany primarily between the two World Wars are highlighted with powerful social comments by Otto Dix and some surprising early Max Beckmann oils, hung beside several of his masterly etchings.

LIKE any other extensive private collection, especially one that concentrates on a specific time and place, there is bound to be a quality curve. One could suggest that less consideration should have been given to all inclusive scholarship and more attention paid to the

dynamics of the large exhibition space and public response. The exclusion of many minor works (or minor artists) might have placed the many superior ones in a more understandable and favourable light.

Yet the Buchheim Collection has fantastic vertical and horizontal depth. The number of excellent pieces by Kirchner, Heckel, Dix, Beckmann and Schmidt-Rottluff is astounding. The works on paper, specifically the woodcuts, are the cornerstones of the Collection. The Expressionist revival of the Gothic graphic tradition is seen in full force in the work of every artist in the show.

WHAT was most exceptional about the Expressionist movement and clearly revealed in this exhibit, is the excellent cohesion of colour and drawing. The animalistic, emotional release was never left bereft of basic aesthetics and the harmony of pictorial elements.

The disfigurement of subjects and seemingly arbitrary use of colour was advocated by the Expressionists as a means of creating an art that distorted the real world and handled on pictorial violence. Its visual chorus rang with true feelings that would replace the stuffy, self-centred, reality of German society. By challenging these existing values the Expressionists aspired to a new art form; the Buchheim Collection helps us to comprehend and appreciate their objectives.

A comprehensive full-colour Hebrew catalogue (printed in Germany with the assistance of Bank Leumi) is an excellent guide to the collection and to the Expressionist ideal. (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd.) Through July.



Erich Heckel (1883-1970): Woodcut after Kirchner for the catalogue of "Die Brücke," 1910. (Buchheim Collection, Tel Aviv Museum)

Expressionism: savaging the establishment



Franz Marc (1880-1916): "Birth of the Wolves," woodcut, 1913.



Karl Schmidt-Rottluff (1884-1976): Norwegian landscape, 1911. (Buchheim Collection).



Heckel: Pechstein sleeping, 1910.



Otto Mueller (1874-1930): "Two Girls," ails on jute, 1926.



Hagit Sternshuss: double portrait, pastel (Debel Gallery).

Gifted portraits

Meir Ronnen

HOPE SPRINGS eternal in the critic's breast. How else to find the courage to visit exhibitions week after week? But only once in a blue moon — or year — does hope survive the first five seconds of the brief encounter. It survived my entire visit to the debut of young Tel Aviv artist Hagit Sternshuss, who shows larger-than-life pastel portraits that are extraordinarily convincing pictures.

That this young woman should evidence such powerful talents may well be due to the fact that both her father and mother (Ruth Zarfat) are veteran and respected Tel Aviv artists. Her work too has its roots in the early Tel Aviv school, not only in the portraits of Tiger but in early Tel Aviv cinema billboards. On the other hand this young artist seems to have confidently absorbed compositional tricks from Matisse to Hockney and Alex Katz: her work has an interesting push-pull between the painting of yesterday and today.

The pastels don't look like pastels; they resemble more the spray techniques of the honddings. Some of them appear to have been done from photographs, yet they exhibit a keen sense of type and character; one feels sure they are perfectly like the sitters, with the often rhythmical stylisations pointing up characteristics to the point of near caricature.

Some of the heads are extraor-

dinarily Tel Aviv Jewish of the Twenties.

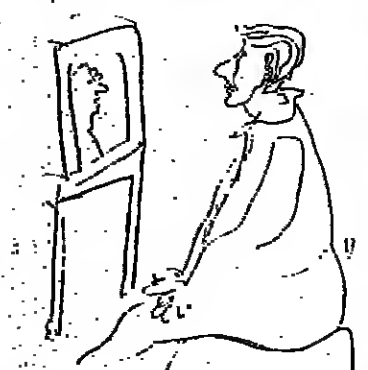
Like Matisse, they employ flat interlocking forms drawn over with decorative patterns of line that catch the character of the drapery or plant forms. The double-portraits are most successfully composed. Lighting is artificial and dramatic, the poses often theatrical; or studiously low-key modern, like "Julian" looking out of the picture and balanced by a designer lamp. A device used by Milton Avery. These pictures hold one's interest because they succeed and intrigue on so many different levels.

Each of these works sticks to its own logic of form and execution. Some are rigid, others freer in varying degrees. Many of the women thrust their faces forward and seem to have inordinately short forearms, but the effect is disarming. Heads are carefully cut at the top of the frame, the eyes holding dramatically high attention. Weakest is the study of "Uri," the only occasion on which colour gets messy and the head loses its flatness as compared to other parts of the picture.

But, all in all, a marvellously strong start, by a young artist who knows exactly how to achieve exactly what she wants. (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem). Till June 25.

MIMI SHRAGA-MAXY, a recent arrival from Rumania, shows mixed-media collage of a fantastic and semi-erotic bent, combining careful magazine photo-collage with pen and ink and occasionally gouache. Despite the often violent images, the pen drawing is fairly mild; it's the total image that often gets to you. Particularly successful is a dismembered erotic pin-up whose bones seem to be spilling out all over the place. Another clever collage is a pen drawing of two troubled personages juggling money; the insides of the agonised one are filled with compartmentalized insects, the other with various types of delicious pasta. (Gallery M.Y., 17 Shlomzion Hamalka, J'lem).

DANIELLA WEXLER shows more of her familiar romantically indulgent line drawings and a few watercolour heads of more serious achievement; the monochrome ones are lively but carefully composed, with a consideration she should bring to the line vignettes. (Nora Gallery, 9 Maimon, J'lem). Till June 15.



Daniella Wexler: line drawing (Nora Gallery, J'lem).



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IT WAS a camel, according to legend, that brought the earthly remains of the Rambam from Cairo to Tiberias some years after his death in 1204. In Egypt he had been physician to the sultan of Egypt and his court, as well as head of the Jewish community, renowned philosopher, biblical commentator, writer on science and metaphysics, and acknowledged as one of the most important and controversial thinkers of his era.

Precisely what went through the camel's head when he stopped at Tiberias after the long journey from Egypt, we cannot know. There are theories, of course, but this camel is more than 700 years past interviewing.

A fleet of air-conditioned buses brought over a thousand doctors, largely in the pink of condition, to Tiberias recently in connection with their strike. We cannot know precisely why this maneuver was executed as it was, or what went on in the heads of the management-company's master-minds as they planned with military precision an operation that so antagonized public opinion.

We know that the doctors' sealed orders did not include a visit to the grave of the Rambam, perhaps a kilometre or so due west from the Lido Beach, a revered site where the grandson and father of Rabbi Moses ben Maimon are also said to be buried. We do know for certain that the doctors did not spend time in Upper Tiberias, instructing the Project Renewal population in how to stay healthy in mind and body.

HERE IS HOW Maimonides' time was spent in his top medical job, which he held, famous and exhausted, until his death. Incidentally, we may soon celebrate the 800th anniversary of his medical appointment: he took the job in 1185, not to enrich himself but to support his family and that of his brother's widow. He considered it against Jewish ethics to take money for teaching, and so returned to medicine. His home was about five kilometres from the sultan's palace in Cairo, and he went back and forth each day by donkey. In a famous letter to a student, for whom he wrote the *Guide for the Perplexed*, he describes his work-load:

"My duties for the sultan are very heavy. I am obliged to visit every day, early in the morning. When he or any of his children or members of the harem are ill, I must stay most of the day in the palace, and if one of the royal officers is sick, I must also attend to the healing... Even if nothing unusual happens, I do not return home until the afternoon. Then I am almost dying of hunger. I find the place filled with people, Jews and gentiles, nobles and common people, friends and foes — a mixed multitude waiting for me." Once home, he continues, he dismounts from his donkey, washes his hands, and goes to meet these other patients, asking their permission first to eat a light meal, "the only meal I take in 24 hours."

He attends to this throng of patients, "writing prescriptions and directions for their various ailments. Patients go in and out until nightfall, and sometimes even, I solemnly assure you, until hours further into the night. I converse with and prescribe for them while lying down from sheer fatigue, and when night falls I am so exhausted I can scarcely speak."

The Sabbath was devoted to his duties as spiritual head of the Jewish community, "and on that day the whole congregation, or at least most

of them, come to me after the morning service, when I instruct them as to their doings during the whole week; we study together a little until noon, when they depart. Some of them return, and read with me after the afternoon service until evening prayers..."

During these years, Maimonides was also carrying on an extensive correspondence, and writing some of his most famous books. His medical works, all written in Arabic, deal extensively with such topics as asthma, hemorrhoids, poisons and antidotes, medical aphorisms, fits, and a glossary of drug names.

According to another legend, he was offered a top medical job overseas, in England, to serve at the court of Saladin's courtly adversary, King Richard the Lionheart, then at Ashkelon. He turned down the job, it is thought, not because the pay or the conditions might be worse, but because he had had enough of travelling.

I AM NOT dredging up these tales of the Rambam in order to make invidious comparisons with our own age, but because some of his medical writings might make a doctorless existence easier to endure. What follows is a timeworn yet far from outworn guide to the medical perplexed, in the absence of physicians.

As one of the most experienced and learned doctors of his age, the Rambam believed that in many cases the patient was better off without rushing to a doctor; not because so many doctors, then as now, might misdiagnose and mistreat, but because so often, and certainly for minor complaints, it is best to leave the patient to nature: "The physician should help nature, support it, and do nothing else but follow it."

For the maintenance of health, which was of more basic concern to the Rambam than the treatment of illness, the key was regular habits and moderation. He advocated that when one does become sick and "one cannot reach a very intelligent physician" (or when, like the illness, he strikes), "one should follow the habits he is accustomed to when he is well, but take only a little of what he usually takes... light nourishment, such as chicken broth (which I had always thought an invention of the Jewish mother), meat broth, the yolk of a soft-boiled egg and wine."

Now nobody, not even I, will be stubborn or obtuse enough to ignore the stupendous advances in applied science, made largely during the last century, which have so raised the level of health in many parts of the world (though it cannot be denied that much of what we gain in technology is offset by the hazards of pollution, by artificial living, and by the dehumanization of medicine which leads many to alternative schools of healing). What is wonderful is that such, supremely contemporary essays on the nature of life as those by Dr. Lewis Thomas may be placed without a qualm next to Rambam's essays on health:

"The great secret, known to intimists and learned early in marriage by intimists' wives, but still hidden from the general public, is that most things get better by themselves. Most things, in fact, are better by morning."

So writes Dr. Thomas, president of the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Centre in New York; earlier, professor of pediatric research at the University of Minnesota, chairman of the departments of pathology and

The Rambam and the doctors

Some of Maimonides' medical writings might make an existence without physicians easier to endure, says HELGA DUDMAN.



medicine, and dean of the New York University-Bellevue Medical Centre; chairman of pathology and dean at Yale Medical School — not a bad set of post-Rambam qualifications. Dr. Thomas also has this to say on the public's illusions about the "health industry" in one of his beautifully written essays in *The Lives of a Cell*:

"We are paying too little attention, and respect, to the built-in durability and sheer power of the human organism. Its surest tendency is toward stability and balance. It is a distortion, with something profoundly disloyal about it, to picture the human being as a teetering, fallible contraption, always needing watching and patching, always on the verge of flapping to pieces."

BUT BACK TO Maimonides — not, as becomes evident, that it is such a wild leap from this most articulate American medical researcher and "biology watcher."

Like most modern physicians, the Rambam believed that regular, moderate exercise — not mad running or competitive exertion — was "the main principle in keeping one's health and in repelling most illnesses... Exercise removes the harm caused by most of the bad habits

which most people have." But "violent exercise causes fatigue, and not everyone can stand fatigue, or needs it."

Here he is on pollution, Cairo style, circa 1200:

"The quality of urban air compared to the air in the deserts and forests is like thick and turbulent water compared to pure, light water. This is because in the cities, with their tall buildings and narrow roads, the pollution... makes the entire air malodorous, turbulent, reeking, and thick, although no one is aware of it."

(Where I live, the air is so pure that the exhaust from just one passing car is immediately painfully evident.)

The Rambam foresees jet-lag and the effects of what pass for holidays these days:

"Habit and regularity are great principles for keeping well and recovering from illness. It is not proper to change one's habits in health at once, neither in food, in drinks nor in intercourse, bath, or exercise. You should stick to your habits."

Overeating, which means eating more than is necessary to satisfy hunger, is bad.

"To eat a little of bad food is less harmful than eating much good and

healthy food." And what is good food? Some of the Rambam's edicts make strange reading.

"The vegetables that are bad for all men are garlic, onions, cress, horseradish and cabbage." Cucumbers and green melons "are not so bad." Figs and grapes are "less bad and almost good." Fresh fruits from trees are in general bad. Peaches and apricots are worst of all, "because they produce moisture that mix with the blood and make it boil, and this is the main cause of the formation of putrefied fluids and fevers."

This sounds very quaint; but who knows, in 13 or 28 years some microbiologist may discover terrible dangers in apricots and peaches. It all depends on the point in historical time you happen to live in, and which precepts on spinach or salt pills the moving finger happens to be writing at that moment.

VEGETARIANISM was not among the Rambam's doctrines. Goat meat is good, and year-old lamb; so are chicken, pheasant, pigeon and turtle-doves. Fat meat is bad, and so is mutton. Poultry is better than the meat of cattle, and more easily digested. Honey is good for the old, bad for the young. Fish are mostly bad, "those that come out of pol-

luted waters are very bad." Dairy products, except for fresh goat or cow's milk, is bad, especially heavy cheeses. In this the Rambam follows the Greek physician Galen (130-200 CE), whose medical authority was almost undisputed until the 16th century.

Best of all is bread, which must be made of wheat "and not of refined flour." There are repeated strong warnings against white bread, from which "only a stomach with great power to digest can derive nourishment." Whole wheat bread is "the best of food," but some very bad things are prepared from flour, and they include "unleavened bread" (matzo?) and "boiled dough such as noodles, macaroni, dumplings, and fried pancakes."

I must have sound instincts, because I love our so-called dark or regular bread, which is not very dark at all, and find the white bread positively inedible. In my neighbourhood, one has to get up early in the morning to find it, because most of the other natives also have a liking for it, while the bakery prefers to sell quantities of white bread. More profitable, I suppose. My cat, whose instincts are sound, also adores the dark bread and refuses the white.

The Rambam is hard on cats, by the way: "Remember that it is dangerous to wear the fur of cats, or even to inhale their odour, therefore beware!" Inhaling the aroma of pigeons, on the other hand, is strongly advised. I refuse to exchange my cat for pigeons, though the Rambam says the latter should always be kept in the house, "because they ensure against neurological afflictions like hemiplegia, spasms, cramps, and tremor of the limbs."

Maimonides is as discouraging about sex as he is about cats. "The interest of most men in intercourse is well known," he writes (and indeed, it must have been in this part of the world during the Crusades), "but the informed know that intercourse hurts most people, except the few whose temperament shows that a small amount of it will not hurt them." He does not elaborate on how to determine whether one falls into that category but concludes, "whoever wishes to remain healthy should chase the idea of intercourse from his mind as much as he can."

The above bits of advice are from *The Preservation of Youth*, written in Arabic in 1198, for and at the request of Sultan Al Afdal, Saladin's appointed ruler in Egypt. In his introduction, the Rambam notes that the messenger who brought the command to write this guide for the medically perplexed "reported that my lord complains of chronic difficulty in bowel movements that take place only after strenuous effort. He also reported occasional attacks of horror, melancholy, and fear of death, accompanied by vomiting and poor digestion most of the time." That litany of ailments, I should think, must be fairly common among the great and powerful of all eras.

Because his noble patient was a Muslim, the Rambam had to tone down the benefits of wine: "The best of the nourishing foods is one that the Muslim religion forbids, i.e., wine. It contains much good and light nourishment, is rapidly digested and helps to digest other foods." But, he continues rather superfluously, "and therefore we will not mention the various kinds and how they could be used in the maintenance of health."

He was perfectly aware of pluralism in both cultures and individuals.

"Let it not seem strange to us that many people eat fruit without developing fevers, for habits and regulations bring different results. If a Hindu should eat refined bread and sheep's meat he would surely get sick, and if one of us should eat rice and fish, as the Hindus do always, he would doubtless also get sick."

It was this familiarity with and use of authorities from the non-Jewish world, especially Hellenistic influences, that helped to discredit the Rambam in some rabbinical quarters. Less than 30 years after his death, rabbis in southern France accused him of heresy, especially because of his acceptance of Aristotle's principles (in the *Guide*, not in the medical writings). In 1286, the chief rabbi of Damascus proclaimed a ban on the Rambam and his writings; rabbis from Safad defaced his gravestone in Tiberias and, according to some reports, built a bonfire by his grave for a book-burning.

My copy of *The Preservation of Youth: Essays on Health*, an American paperback translated from the Arabic by Hirsch L. Gordon, is, I fear, a further invitation to trouble along these lines. The cover shows a naked statue of Aphrodite, in shocking pink against a Mediterranean blue — this from "The Wisdom Library, A Division of the Philosophical Library of New York." I recall once having had a much better edition, published in Jerusalem; but like all good books, it left the house.

THE RAMBAM will soon have his revenge on one and all. As informed banking circles know, his likeness is to appear on a many-shekel currency note. It is not what he might have wanted, but at least the doctors will soon have plenty of Rambams in their pockets. And as they start to circulate through our ailing economy, we might remember the Rambam's doctrines on our own ailments: that he emphasized the importance of preventive medicine, the interconnection of mind and body, the superiority of no medicine over medicine, of mild remedies over strong ones, and of simple drugs over compound ones, because the former may do less harm to the body.

He quoted Al Razi, a Persian doctor who lived from 850 to 923: "When the disease is stronger than the patient, the physician will not be able to help him at all, and if the strength of the patient is greater than the strength of the disease, he does not need a physician at all." It is when the two are equal that a doctor is needed "who will support the patient's strength and help him against the disease." And for this, optimism and cheerful spirits are prime factors.

He spoke of the "disease" of wealth, of the man who "attains great prominence and power at the expense of his body and his soul through the acquisition of evil habits that shorten his days." Then in what struck me as a little plug for Judaism, not to mention the early Greeks: "This is the opinion of the physicians, philosophers and thinkers who antedated the Muslim religion."

Right after this comes my favourite aphorism: "Generally it may be stated that what people consider to be good is really bad, and most of the things that are considered to be bad are really good."



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"HOW DO WE play this — off the string, on the string, long or short?" "Sideways," says a joker, probably in the wind section.

Two violinists engage in avid, intermittent whispering. A violist scans the nearly-empty auditorium and smiles across the space. Some musicians pencil notes on the score in front of them. Some just look bored.

The conductor, half on and half off his high chair on the podium, counts to himself in German, then announces in English: "Three-three-five."

Like a magnet, his baton attracts the faces into an arc of concentration. A flourish, and music is made. Not for long. His arms are soon erasing in the air.

"That's not enough for me in the flutes — the first flute — you have to make more crescendo for me." Or: "Please, gentlemen, when you have the triplets in the fortissimo, not too slow."

Another time, he warns the horns: "Strong, but not a military... (he hands toward the violins for transition)...blare." Finally, the orchestra ends the movement in a way Schubert might approve. It is his Ninth Symphony. They applaud themselves.

They are the Israel Philharmonic, rehearsing at home in Tel Aviv's Muni Auditorium, under the baton of guest conductor Klaus Tennstedt.

"IT'S A PRIVILEGE to work with him," says Michael Haran, the young cellist, a frequent soloist, sitting in the front row of the audience during a break in rehearsal. "You can count on the fingers of one hand the number of conductors of his calibre in the world. Maybe there are ten." (Which calculation may explain Haran's dexterity on the cello.)

"I can feel the difference in the orchestra. He has authority, and he can demand more. Our orchestra may not be technically perfect, but it's full of personality, very flexible. And when the conductor is good, he can get a lot out of it."

This is the third time Tennstedt has come to conduct the IPO. He is a native of East Germany; he has conducted the major orchestras of Europe and the U.S., and his "home" is now with the London Philharmonic, where he will become permanent conductor in October.

Haran says that Tennstedt comes to Israel about every two years. Does his influence remain after he's left?

"Of course, he leaves something," replies Haran, "but it isn't necessarily long-term."

The conductor's role is much like that of a theatre director. "If he isn't convincing, the actors will do what they want — or something half-way between what he wants and what they want." The conductor also has to be a "psychologist and a friend."

The language Tennstedt speaks doesn't matter. "You can see him and feel what he wants," says Haran. "His body expresses it."

UPSTAIRS in the lounge, sitting with a thermos, a sandwich and fruit in front of him, his hair stringy with sweat, Tennstedt gives an impression of extreme exhaustion.

He had come to Israel directly after recording engagements: two with the Berlin Philharmonic, and two with the London Philharmonic, which is in the process of doing the Mahler cycle.

He seems to prefer recordings to concerts. "A live concert with an audience may be a bigger event," he says, "but recording is more perfect. It has to be. And now with the new digital system, you can have fantastic quality."

Considerably better than that of the cylinder-style Edison phonograph made in 1869, that he picked up on a recent trip to the U.S. "Funny," he says, "but terrible sound."

Tennstedt likes working with different orchestras because "the quality is always new." And he likes returning to an orchestra over a period of years, and seeing the changes effected by new people. Yet, asked whether the IPO has a particular personality that he could describe, he said:

"There's not much difference among the major orchestras in the world... If they're of high quality, it's easy for the conductor to give his own conception to one-hundred-plus individualists."

TENNSTEDT'S first career was as a violinist and concert-master. Then, as he puts it, his "hand got sick," and he had to give up playing. "So I exchanged the music-stand for the podium," he says, admitting it wasn't as simple as he likes it to sound.

He lived for "a long time" in his native East Germany — he won't say how long — and felt it was almost impossible to have a career there. So he left. He won't say how, except "not legally" and "over Sweden."

His experience as a violinist



STRINGING ALONG

The Post's MARSHA POMERANTZ attends an Israel Philharmonic rehearsal, and learns the score. GREGORY ROZANSKI took the photographs.



serves him well. It is "unbelievably important" to have been in an orchestra before conducting — especially to have been a string player. "Then you know exactly how to develop string sounds. The orchestra trusts you."

Tennstedt will go to Japan next year, and the Metropolitan in New York has invited him for 1988. But now, straight after his three weeks in Israel, he plans to relax in the Canadian Rockies — in a hot-air balloon 2,000 metres off the ground. "The basket only comes up to your knees," he says, grinning and looking not at all exhausted.

No, that is not how he got out of East Germany.

BUT THE CENTRAL question is this: Why do all the bows of all the violins and all the violas go up together and down together? It is not the tidal pull of the moon, but the decision of the concertmaster. The same note can be played in either direction, but once the choice is made it must be consistent for all the musicians, for the sake of visual harmony.

So the orchestra's two librarians, Eli Gefen and Marilyn Steiner, go over the scores and pencil in the directions. A small "v" over the note means "bow up." A mark like a squarish croquet hoop means "bow down." During a rehearsal, the concertmaster sometimes changes his mind, and all the directions have to be reversed. "We do a great job in pencils and erasers," says Steiner of her desk in the library.

She is "doing howings on Tchaikovsky" as she describes the role of the music librarian. "The really exciting thing is when they call up two hours before the concert and say 'We've decided we don't want to do that tonight. Let's do the Brahms.'"

Aside from the bowings, the librarians also divide the scores into segments marked by rehearsal numbers, or indicate the number of notes so that the conductor can tell the orchestra exactly where to start — 335 on the Schubert score, for instance.

"Most music is written by hand and errors are made," says Gefen, "but sometimes no one hears them for years." When they are heard, it's the librarians who make the corrections.

"Sometimes we rewrite the music," adds Steiner. That's not a matter of composing. "Suppose you need an extra bassoon player and all the good bassoon players are out of the country. So your seventh bas-

soon is not a professional, and you shift some of his part from the weaker musician to a stronger one."

Much of the librarians' work consists of ordering music from abroad — very little is printed in Israel — and preparing it for performance. And re-ordering. "People are always losing scores, and conductors walk off with things," says Steiner.

The library lends scores to musicians from other organizations, and prepares music for the many members of the IPO who also play in the army as their reserve service.

And there's bookkeeping. Music is copyright for 50 years after the death of the composer. Publishers don't sell it, but rent it; that's more lucrative. "Benjamin Britten can cost hundreds of dollars just for the hire fee," says Steiner.

Both Gefen and Steiner are musicians who occasionally play with the orchestra. "That cannon on the floor," says Gefen, pointing to a long case, "is a contrabassoon." Steiner plays the French horn, which is required more often than Gefen's cannon.

"I wish we'd play Wagner and Strauss," she says. "Then I'd get to play even more and we'd have a more balanced orchestra. You can print that."

Still, she has made librarianship her primary career — not playing. "It you make a mistake on the horn, 2,800 people hear it. It's not like the violin."

She could have chosen a more innocuous instrument, I suggest. "I could have been born a different person," she replies.

THE ARRANGEMENTS for guest conductors like Tennstedt and such distinguished soloists as pianist Belin Davidovich, who is performing in the same concert series, sometimes begin years in advance and go on until the last moment.

Plans for the IPO's 1983-84 season have just been finalized — except for a few squares on the chart which say "programme to be announced."

According to violinist Daniel Benyamini, now serving a two-year stint as chairman of the artistic management, nothing has changed in principle, but "by chance" some of the greatest artists are coming to Israel next year: conductors Leonard Bernstein, Daniel Barenboim, Giuseppe Sinopoli — and there will be three series with Zubin Mehta, the IPO's musical director.

The planners — Mehta and the artistic management — have to keep in mind what has been played in recent years to avoid repetition. They try to balance the traditional menu with modern works and Israeli compositions. The IPO can suggest a programme to visiting conductors and soloists, but of course the guests have the final say in the matter. The Korean conductor Myung Whun Chung, for instance, has agreed to include an Israeli work (to be announced) in his programme a year from now. The soloist for those concerts will be cellist Yo Yu Ma.

CAN BENYAMINI characterize the Israeli audience? "They love to hear music," he says, smiling non-committally. The IPO is doing a survey among subscribers — and those who have stopped their subscriptions — to find out what they like to hear. "I know they don't get up and dance at the idea of modern or Israeli works," he says.

But he feels it's a duty for the IPO to perform Israeli works. "After a while, they're more accepted. And we have to try them to see whether they'll last."

Much of the programming depends on the availability of foreign artists.

"We try to develop contacts with conductors on the way up," says Benyamini. The IPO was lucky with Sinopoli, the young Italian, for instance. "Now he's very much in demand. He's coming this next season, and we've already invited him for the future."

Then there's the question of money: "No orchestra today can afford to have top-flight artists for a whole season." The IPO has the benefit of free appearances by Bernstein and Barenboim. "That means no fees," Benyamini says, "but the expenses are not small."

What about Israeli conductors and soloists in the orchestra? The highest names are represented in next year's programme, but opportunities are limited. The first players are occasionally paraded, to give them encouragement, he says. But if they don't play in the main concerts in Tel Aviv, they play in other cities. And some, in turn, go abroad. Benyamini himself, was about to leave for a concert tour of South Africa when we talked.

Meanwhile, the shows go on and on. This year the centenary of the birth of the IPO's founder, Bronislaw Huberman, was grandly celebrated with a tribute by seven great violinists. Plans are already under way for the 100th anniversary of the birth of Arthur Rubinstein in 1987.



(Below) Clarinets at ease. (Right) Marilyn Steiner, one of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra's two librarians.



I WAS in Oxford last month, studying the man at the Randolph after an exhausting afternoon spent visiting the Bodleian's current, rather eccentrically arranged, exhibition. This was presided over by a doting librarian of indeterminate sex who bore an extraordinary resemblance to the late Margaret Rutherford in drag.

There once was a fellow of Wadhani
Who asked for a ticket to Sodom
When the clerk answered "Sir,
We don't sell them to there."
He replied "Don't call me Sir,
call me Madam."

Tiptoeing about among the show-cases for fear of disturbing the librarian's slumbers, I lifted a cover to find the Magna Carta, then, next to it, the manuscript of *The Wind in the Willows*. Side by side with a miniature 18th century *Haggada* was a first Folio Shakespeare that was in turn flanked by the very first Bradshaw's Railway Timetable ("Depart London 6 u.m. — arrive Birmingham 11.45 u.m."), published in 1839.

Some time ago, Marghanita Laski gave *Thomas Cook's International Railway Timetable* as her first choice in one of those pretentious lists that Britain's literary lions are asked to contribute to the posh Sunday newspapers around Christmas time. Describing their top three books of the year, some of these rogues don't even bother to give the same titles when they're asked by more than one newspaper, so that in the *Sunday Times* their first choice will appear as, say, "Keep It Crisp: The Selected Diaries of Revilo Sackville-West," while *The Observer* will get "Lady Longford's Wellington: The Year of the Boot" and *The Sunday Telegraph* will have to be content with "the superb new study of *Canning* by H.J. Heinz."

Marghanita Laski's choice wasn't as idiosyncratic as it may seem at first sight. John Price, the editor of *The Cook's*, has turned the timetables into a readable bestseller that was favourably reviewed by *The Times*. Paris even read like romantic fiction — his account of the Orient Express, for example — while other glamorously-named trains appear: the Knickerbocker, the Rembrandt and even the Chopin Express that carries Russian Jews from Moscow to Vienna and, all too frequently, points west, as they say.

Mind you, when the 8.22 Manchester-Altrincham train runs half an hour late on a cold winter's morning, the half-frozen commuters give it some even more colourful names. But this is only trifling discomfort. Real masochists, says Price, should take the Sunday train from Birmingham to Norwich. It crawls along, taking five hours to complete the trip, "the coaches are invariably over-heated, vibrates like mad and there is nothing to eat or drink."

Then I was inspired by *Stern* magazine's publication of the "Häler Diaries" (Did you know, by the way, that Gervase Barontie reviewing *Mein Kampf* in 1936 wrote that "it lacks tact"?). Why shouldn't I connect the very first railway timetable and flug it to the Bodleian; for the world's first passenger line, the 10-mile Stockton-Darlington railway, opened in 1825, some 4 years before Bradshaw set up in business?

I've not finished it yet, but the bit I've done will give you the general idea:

Dep. Stockton 6.00 Arr. Darlington 6.20
Darlington 6.30 Stockton 6.50
Stockton 7.00 Darlington 7.20

Derailed diets

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

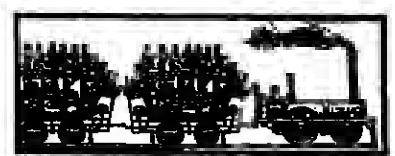
SOME OF Britain's most distinguished literary figures went off the rails so spectacularly that I'm beginning to suspect that it is a necessary qualification for the profession, as it certainly is for philologists. Lord Harewood, for instance, says in his recent autobiography that E.M. Forster was among the guests he invited to his wedding to Marion Stein and was observed bowing to the splendid wedding cake, having mistaken it for Queen Mary.

C.S. Lewis was just as confused. Vociferously reactionary, he was nevertheless so ignorant of contemporary politics that his own brother found him completely incomprehensible during an argument about post-war Europe. Then it dawned on him that the author of *The Screwtape Letters* believed Tito to be the King of Greece. Lewis, who was John Betjeman's tutor at one time, somehow infected the poet with what appears to be undying enmity, so much so that he mentions in the preface to one of his books, a slim volume of only 45 pages, that he is "indebted to C.S. Lewis for the fact on page 256."

It's fairly clear then that Betjeman doesn't buy that stuff in *The Epistle of Paul to the Romans*, X.19, despite all his verse about conventicles, acolytes and riddell posts. When it comes to vengeance he prefers not to put the deity to the trouble.

The only other example I know of such a delayed action revenge, improving with age like a vintage wine, was perpetrated by a well-known Israeli advertising agent who was once a pupil at what was then the Beit Hakerem Gymnasium. As he was about to enter the examination hall for one of his *bagrut* papers, a teacher stopped him. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "There's no point in you taking the exam. You'll fail anyway."

Some years later during World War II, the former pupil found himself in the Food Control office, charged with the responsibility for issuing ration cards. When the teacher's card turned up he held it, savouring the moment, then vigorously stamped it "Deceased."



WHEN NOT DOTTY, a number of distinguished men of letters were further renowned for their dirtiness — and I'm not referring to problems of censorship. W.H. Auden, for example, was once observed to behave in a lump of ham that he'd dropped on the sawdust-and-spittle covered floor of a pub and gobble it down with every sign of enjoyment. Ford Madox Ford was even more facile than the poet. One critic sums up his life as "a mess both sexually and financially" and Ezra Pound confirmed this in one unforgettable image; if he were to place Ford naked and alone in a room without furniture, he said, he would come back in half an hour, und, find total confusion. Ford's only serious competition in this area of dubious achievement was from Heywood Brown, who was once memorably described as "a one-man slum."

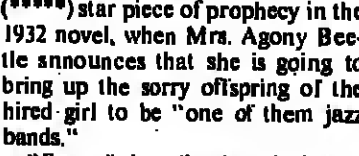
I find this sort of thing very disconcerting. Ever since being crammed with the prose anthology *Grass of Parnassus*, I imagined the Muses strolling about the well-manicured lawns of the sacred mountain; I never thought of them struggling through a jungle of weeds, getting hirs in their hair, thorns in their big toes and creepy-crawlies in their nightgowns.

There have been authors who enjoyed such an intimate relationship with Melpomene, Thalia and the other girls that they themselves became infinitely condescending to mere mortals, or pretended to be. "The human race," G.K. Chesterton once wrote, "to which so many of my readers belong..."

However, Lady Antonia Fraser, a tall, tiliian-haired, talented, titled beauty, really has a lot to be in-mo-dest about. In fact, a *New Statesman* competition some years ago chose her as the author least likely to have written *The Diary of a Nobody*. She is not devoid of introspection, however, and in her contribution to the *My Oxford* anthology she tells of the time that she discovered that she had not been invited to a Hunt Ball, a minor tragedy for girls of her station whose theme song, in those pre-feminist days, was *I Vownegot Married*. "I asked God to do something about it," Lady Antonia wrote, "and God recklessly killed poor King George VI, as a result of which the Hunt Ball was cancelled."

Dryden once tried to put the Grub Street hacks in their place by referring to "the vanity common to all writers to over-value their productions," but I feel he would have made an honourable exception of Stella Gibbons. The author of *Cold Comfort Farm* aped Herr Baedeker by helpfully marking passages with one (*), two (**) or three (***) stars, commenting that "in such a manner did the good man deal with cathedrals, hotels and paintings..." There seems to be no reason why it should not be applied to novels. It ought to help the reviewers too. Not long ago, a *Sunday Times* reader spotted a five (****) star piece of prophecy in the 1932 novel, when Mrs. Agony Beelie announces that she is going to bring up the sorry offspring of the hired girl to be "one of them jazz bands."

"Four of them," asks Elizabeth. "A jazz band. Beetles?"



STELLA GIBBONS' honesty is by no means the rule. Many writers seem to have been inspired by Gladys Mitchell's heroine, Dame Beatrice, who once observed, "It is always interesting to behave abominably." Michael Joseph, the late publisher, for instance, maintained that one of his authors had actually burgled his premises. "We cannot prove it," he wrote, "but everyone in my office is sure of his identity."

Maxie Lane, the author of *Sea Running* (reviewed in *The Post* in 1979), wasn't as lucky. As he was about to be sentenced in a Southampton court after being found guilty of using threatening behaviour, he called a representative of his publishers who said that Mr. Lane was of good character and that in September Macmillan's were

bringing out his new novel and publishing the paperback of his first. "Let me see," said the judge, consulting his diary. "If I give you eight months, then with remission for good behaviour you should be out by then."

Some other people who deserve sending down get away with it. Last year, *The Times* announced that Eleanor Farjeon would be autographing her new book at the Poetry Centre in Earl's Court. Since the author had shuffled off this mortal coil some 17 years previously, the notice attracted some ghastly interest. The curious, instead of singing a few bars of *Willie O'Leary* as a few yards of ectoplasm emerged from a medium, had to suffice with Annabel Farjeon signing the books in her aunt's name.

The story reminded me of the lady who once asked W.S. Gilbert if *Bich* was still composing. "No, undmad," he replied, "he's decomposing."



After Annabel's little deception (or was it a hoax by *Private Eye*, whose pranksters are always trying to put one over on *The Times*?), I was not surprised to come across a character in Larry Niven's novel *The Patchwork Girl* who was called Naomi Mitchison. If every Tom, Dick and Harry is going to swipe living novelist's names for their characters, one was observed, we can look forward to some very curious passages:

"Swiftly Margaret Drabble seized her Kulachnikov and squeezed the trigger, but too late; Fay Weldon had scrambled aboard the chopper. Her three bodyguards, Lessing, Murdoch and Bainbridge, gave covering fire while French lobbed grenades. 'Behind you,' gasped Marghanita, and Drabble whirled. A tall muscular Negress emerged from the bushes; it was George Eliot."

The effect that this concoction had on me may be imagined when I tell you that I had not yet recovered from hearing a record some years ago of Boris Karloff reading *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. The piper's magic melody was *Kinneret Sheli*.

COINCIDENCE not larceny was responsible for the name of Ngaio Marsh's last book, by the way. The detective story writer died in harness, just managing to complete *Photo-Finish*. Ben Travers' book of cricket reminiscences was originally intended to be called *94 Not Out* but unfortunately the nonagenarian author of such farces as *Rookery Nook* and *A Cuckoo in the Nest* handed in his dinner pail three years ago just after completing the manuscript. It appeared as *94 Declared*.

BOOKSELLERS, so assiduous at wrestling shopping bags and briefcases from would-be browsers, seem to be joining the flog'em and hang 'em faction — even though they themselves are not above flogging such shop-soiled classics as *The 38 Steps* (a few pages missing). Hellers of Cambridge recently filled an order from one of HM prisons for *Codes of Practice for Access and Working of Seafolds*, so I'm pretty sure they haven't stocked two new titles in Hodder & Stoughton's "Teach Yourself" series: *Alcoholism and Child Abuse*.

The ever-quotable Christina Foyle admitted recently that her

ship gets a lot of orders from prisons and added, for good measure, that the King of Jordan is one of her customers "and so is Colonel Claddiff, who is a great fan of Auberon Waugh."

I WOULDN'T have brought up the seamy side of literature if the authors themselves weren't ever doing so. Tolstoy loathed Shakespeare. Carlyle's detestation of Macnulty ("a poor creature") was returned with interest, perhaps best expressed in Macnulty's observation that "it was very good of God to let Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle marry one another and so make only two people miserable instead of four." Charles Kingsley bated Shelley and Swinburne considered Byron's verse to be worthless while Byron himself dismissed Moore, Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge as "trash."

Even the modern best-seller lists are peppered with feuds. Two diet doctors are currently involved in litigation, for example. Robert C. Atkins, whose *Nutrition Breakthrough* advocates a high-protein regimen, is suing for slander Nathan Pritikin, whose *Permanent Weight-Loss Manual* recommends a low-protein programme.

I'm sure only the lawyers will wax lat.

This sort of thing has become so common that when Dr. Herman Tarnower, the author of *The Scarsdale Diet*, was murdered a couple of years ago, I naturally assumed the shooting to be a new form of literary criticism. The latest in the genre, incidentally, is *The Beverly Hills Diet* which, I understand, is something to do with grapefruit and not Orson Welles, a legend in his own lunchtime.

Another misunderstanding arose recently when Roy Hattersley reviewed *Random Winds*, the second of Belva Plain's blockbusters. "By making her hero, Martin Farrell, a brain surgeon," Labour's shadow home secretary wrote, "Belva Plain squandered the chance of creating the holly laughs which she could certainly have provoked by making the hero of *Random Winds* a specialist in abdominal disorders."

DESPITE THE desperate attempts of publishers to hit the hits with ever-richer titles like *Nightly Mail* or *The Murder in the Rue Morgue*, the real record-breakers were written by men like Ronald Ridout, who has sold sixty million copies, at the last accounting of such titles as *English Today*.

The books we think we ought to read are paky, dull and dry. The books that we would like to read we are ashamed to buy. The books that people talk about we never can recall. And the books that people give us, Oh, they're the worst of all.



The real bestsellers are easily recognized; they are dog-eared, ink-blotted and artistically improved by their owners. I don't believe that a single copy of Kennedy's *Latin Primer* bore its original title after one week's use in my class. Inspired perhaps by the Lucullian feasts and certainly by the major preoccupations of my schoolmates, both the cloth and the title page had had a few strokes added until they read, to every amateur calligrapher's satisfaction, *Eating Primer* — just like one of the current diet books.

Burgling Blandings

D.R. BENSEN has marked the hundredth anniversary of the birth of P.G. Wodehouse by collecting a dozen of that arch-villain's stories glorifying crime.

Neither Professor Moriarty nor the godfather had a more profound respect for villainy than the bald-headed Wodehouse. Incidentally, a bald-headed villain is more shocking than a hirsute one.

Bensen's dozen examples of Wodehouse's corrupting creed that "Crime does pay" are no more than the tip of the iceberg; people who know their Wodehouse can quote hundreds of stories in which he lauded breaches of the law of the land. The editor here has aimed at giving us a cross-the-board of different crimes lauded by Wodehouse.

They include the most famous examples, such as the crime wave at Blandings, when fiends in human shape like Lord Emsworth and Beach the butler roamed the estate, at gun in hand, determined to assassinate the admirably efficient Rupert Barker. They had an accurate aim unequalled since the days of Billy the Kid. There are lesser crimes than murder.

Theft, of course, provides the bread-and-butter of your Wodehouse criminal — a cow-creamer or a pig, an unfinished thriller or a super-cook.

WODEHOUSE ON CRIME. A Dozen Tales of Blandish Cunning. Edited by D.R. Bensen, 282 pp. Fickner & Fields, New Haven, \$12.95.

Philip Gillon



THIEVES PROWL around Blandings Castle at night in the way honest trippers do by day. Between midnight and dawn, you cannot move anywhere in one of Wodehouse's stately homes without stubbing your toe on a thief or two.

Every sporting event brings out the nobblers in force. Dick Francis, the steeplechase rider turned thriller writer, has made us well aware of the hazards of the turf. But his horses have a far better chance of getting to the post than any Wodehouse choir boy, clergyman or teenage female egg-and-spooner happening to participate in an event on which crooks are organizing a hook, often unknown to the participants.

Travels with a pig

BOTH of these novelists have considerable cult followings, but with these latest offerings they're really putting the faithful to the test.

Hoban is noted for radical changes from book to book (most recently, *Turtle Diary* and *Riddle Walker*). This time around he adopts the narrative voice of an 18th-century European Jew. On page 18 our hero has his genitals lopped off by anti-Semites. The private parts are promptly devoured by a pig. When the intrepid Pilgermann decides to journey to Jerusalem, the pig decides to accompany him. The porker proves a good conversationalist, as do Jesus, God, Sntnn and a gang of skeletons that runs about raping children.

Amid all this hilarity our hero makes it as far as Antioch. There he and the pig and everybody else get caught up in a battle between Moslems and Crusaders, and this is where things really get amusing.

In a very sombre note, however, Hoban tells us that he was inspired to write this novel after being brought to the Montfort fortress in Galilee by his Israeli son-in-law. I think he maybe drank a little too much Montfort wine under that old Galilee moon. He seems serious about his novel, but what his novel is about is a serious question.

PILGERMANN by Russell Hoban. London, Jonathan Cape. 240 pp. £7.95.

BEADEVY DICK by Kuri Vonnegut. London, Jonathan Cape. 224 pp. £7.50.

S.T. Meravi

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Too lax liberalism

MAUREEN FREELY's splendid satire, *Mother's Helper*, shows what can happen when liberalism gets totally out of hand. The Pyle-Carpenter household is a stronghold of free sex, free thought and free action. There is total lack of discipline. The children know that they can get away with anything, just so long as they preface their desires with an "I feel," and Kay Pyle-Carpenter, their mother, will rationalize their behaviour with her own notions of right and wrong.

At first, Laura, the mother's helper, employed when Kay decides to finish her Ph.D., sets the set-up, not only proper, but perfect. But with time, as the children are bombarded with the latent contradic-

MOTHER'S HELPER by Maureen Freely. Harmondsworth, Penguin Books. 350 pp. £3.75.

Michelle Cameron

tions in the grown-ups' words and actions, their minds become twisted through the onslaught of half-digested theories. Not able to create a cohesive reality out of the adult world, they absorb all the wrong concepts, withdraw behind them, or become unbearably aggressive.

Freely has a marvellous ear for the jargon of liberalism. There is the husband who airs libertarian sentiments in order to conceal his jealousy of his wife's affair; there is the family handyman, who, hasn't

At first sight, it is surprising that Bensen does not provide us with a specific story dealing with the most common of all the Wodehouse crimes: blackmail. There are two possible explanations for this apparent lapse. The first is that the thread of blackmail runs through the stories, the second that, in Wodehouse-land, extortion is no crime. As Aunt Dahlia put it: "Good old blackmail! There's nothing to touch it."

THIS COLLECTION of stories, like all the Master's work, forces us to confront some of the great moral issues of the day — indeed of any day. Does the end ever justify the means? To do a great right, can we do a little wrong? Inspired by a noble motive, can we disregard accepted values?

Wodehouse criminals, particularly public enemy number one, Bertie Wooster, and his accomplice, Jeeves, do not strike their terrible blows against good order except in some great cause. They rescue a damsel in distress, or aid the cause of true love for a friend who was with Bertie Elton, or rescue a good aunt from the consequences of some great folly. Bertie sins, but in a great cause. One is reminded of Robin Hood.

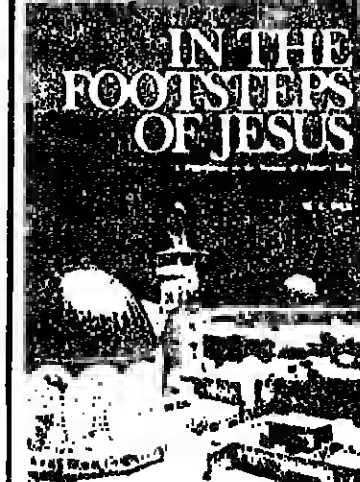
Is there a higher law than the law of the land? Is laughter more important than the accepted canons of society? Readers of Wodehouse will no doubt ponder these issues while making themselves unhearable because they're laughing so hard.

BY CONTRAST, it is quite clear what Vonnegut's 13th book is about. Vonnegut, who is noted for being radically repetitive from novel to novel, this time around presents the story of a young man from the American Midwest whose millionaire father enjoyed studying art in Vienna with Hitler, who accidentally shoots dead a pregnant neighbour, whose hometown is obliterated when a neutron bomb falls off an army truck, who fails as a playwright, who succeeds as a phronacist, who now owns a hotel in Haiti, and who could possibly care about any of this?

Point is, no writer of any sense would even try to make anything out of these unconnected, wastebasket-bound ideas. That's why it's clear what publication of Vonnegut's grab-bag of neutron homies and accidental murders and Nazi flags signifies: not a serious view of death, but the death of serious literature.

yet figured out "where his head's at," but is content to stick around the house while he does his figuring. Kay herself is a magnificent invention: an innately selfish woman, she has the gift of getting out of committing herself in a seemingly selfless way. The dissolution of the family is also handled with care. Their affairs become more and more involved, yet Freely gives them always an air of plausibility. When things go wrong in the Pyle-Carpenter household, it's obviously because the wrong-doers violate Kay's creed, which derives, as the reader must realize, from sexual repression, latent reactionary feelings, or simple mental imbalance. Maureen Freely's novel is a nicely handled blend of humour and irony. It evokes in the reader a great deal of pity. He may even be a little frightened that misguided liberalism can lead to the destruction of a family.

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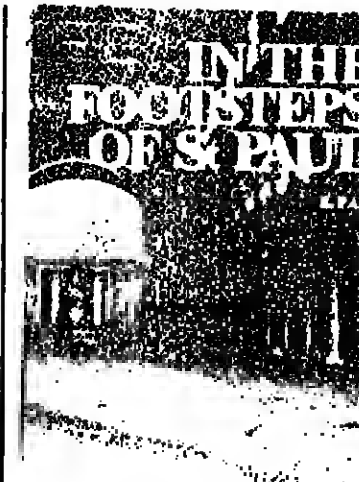
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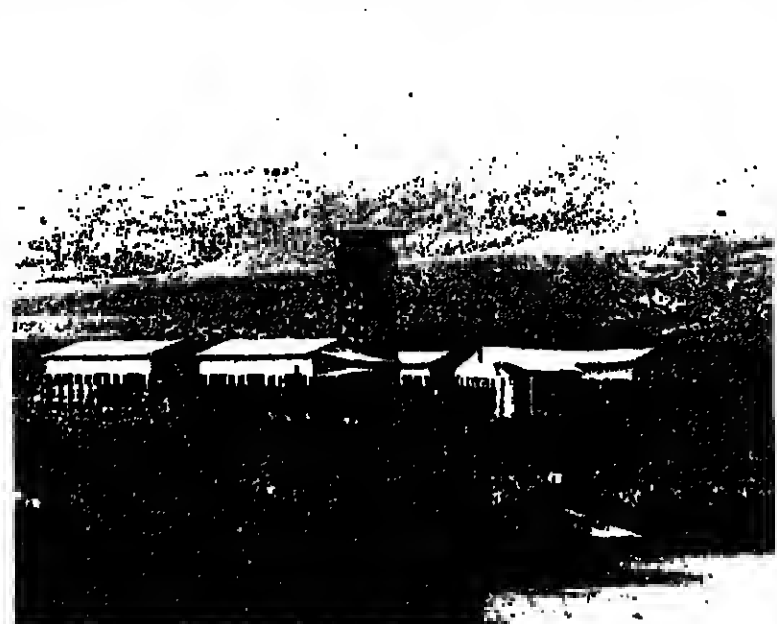
THIS BOOK IS topical and relevant in both the positive and negative sense of these terms. In the first sense, it is timely because it furnishes answers to questions which always seem to crop up in connection with the Arab-Israeli dispute, and ways to resolve it.

Avneri, for instance, asks: How many Arabs lived in Palestine in 1878, and what was their origin? What caused the growth in their number during the 70 years of Jewish settlement? What was Zionist policy in the purchase of land, and what kind of land was sold and bought? How many Arab refugees were there in 1949, and how many Jews were forced to leave the Arab states after 1949?

In the latter, negative sense, Avneri's book is relevant, for it demonstrates — to this reader, at least — how hopelessly irrelevant and anachronistic such questions have become for us today, more than a century after the first year of the period the survey covers, and nearly 35 years after the Arabs of Palestine in their hundreds of thousands fled from their war-torn homes. Reading *The Claims of Dispossession*, one cannot help wondering how much help it is, today, to know that there were only 205,000 Moslems, Christians and Jews in Palestine in the 1550s; that in 1800 the country's total population was 275,000 (246,300 of them Moslem, and 21,800 Christian); and that in 1880, at the beginning of Jewish colonization, there were between 425,000 and 440,000 Arabs in Palestine, of whom over 40,000 were Beduin nomads.

Last I be accused of an ahistorical approach, I hasten to point out that Avneri's book is itself by no means a work of pure historical scholarship, an honest-to-God attempt to find out just what happened in those fateful 70 years the book covers. Throughout this work, he is candid enough to imply that his is a book with a message. The message is not easy to summarize, but the reader can arrive at a fair understanding of it from the questions posed by Avneri, to which his answers are invariably in the negative: Is the refugee problem a direct continua-

Conflicting claims



THE CLAIMS OF DISPOSSESSION: Jewish Land-Settlement and the Arabs 1878-1948 by Arieh L. Avneri. Eilat: Yad Tabenkin and New York: Herzl Press. 303 pp. No price stated.

Nissim Rejwan

tion of a process of expropriation which began with early Jewish settlement in the country? Was Zionism guilty of deception when it claimed that the Land of Israel was destined to be the home of the Jews who were returning to it and of the Arabs living there? Did Jewish immigration, land settlement and urban settlement bring about the destruction of the Arab social and cultural institutions? Did the Zionist movement aim at expropriating the Arabs? Did the Arabs go to war in 1947-48 out of desperation "because they were on the brink of annihilation"?

AVNERI FURNISHES explicit and implicit answers to these questions. The Arabs went to war, he tries to

wildest arguments they are supposed to refute.

Above all, they are very far from being as relevant to our situation today as Avneri assumes. Even on the purely scholarly level, his formulations leave much to be desired. To cite only one example, the Arabs did not have to be faced with the danger of "annihilation" in order to decide to take up arms. Avneri at one stage quotes a remark by Ahad Ha'am made as early as 1890: "We are accustomed to think of the Arabs... as a people who see nothing and perceive nothing of what is going on around them. This is a grave error. The Arabs... see and understand very well what we are doing and what we are aiming at, but they are quiet and pretend to know nothing, because they do not consider themselves threatened by our actions so far... But if there should come a day when the developing Jewish community begins to press upon the Arabs, they will not give up their positions easily."

show, because "they refused to forgo their rights over any part of the country"; the Zionist movement sought "to establish a base for the existence of the two peoples side by side"; the Arab claim that the development of the Jewish national home caused the displacement and uprooting of the Arabs is "unfounded"; thanks to Jewish land acquisition and land settlement "the Arab economy developed far beyond that of the neighbouring countries"; when the War of Independence ended, more than 600,000 Arabs "were found to have fled or been displaced," while the defeated Arab countries "compelled their Jewish citizens... to emigrate from their countries of residence." Of 850,000 such Jews about 600,000 immigrated to Israel.

Avneri's conclusions are validated by careful research. However, although a great number of his counter-claims are true, the way in which they have been formulated and presented in this book — he presents also his own formulation of the Arabs' claims that they were dispossessed — makes them sound sometimes as absurd as the

Allegorical

SHISHA MISIPUREI SHAMASIOT SHE'EL R. NAHMAN MIDRESLEY (Six Stories of Rabbi Nahman of Bratslav, introduced, interpreted and annotated by Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz. Tel Aviv, Dvir, 198 pp. No price stated.

Sarah Azrad

SIMILAR TO fairy tales, close in a way to Hassidic tales, Rabbi Nahman's stories derive something from both these and other sources, and yet are in a category of their own. Rabbi Nahman was indeed a central — and very original — figure among the Hassidim. However, unlike the typical Hassidic tale, his stories do not reflect the lives of righteous leaders, or their deeds and wonders. Neither do they include stereotyped folk tale figures. Rather, his characters are ideas in human form — kings and queens, good men and evil, poor and rich, all representing concepts in Jewish thought. They mingle in intricate plots with many levels of meaning. They are, in brief, words of Torah come alive.

The present edition includes six of the most famous of Nahman's tales: "The Losing of the King's Daughter," "The Merchant and the Painter," "The King's Son and the Son of the Maid," "The Clever Man and the Simple Man," "The Master of Prayer," and "The Seven Beggers." Adin Steinsaltz presents them here in a new adaptation, as close as possible to the original version (most previous translations have attempted to "beautify" the style, and this often resulted in the alteration of detail which, in these stories, may lead to an alteration of meaning). He adds a lengthy commentary (in every story, in which he attempts to unlock the story's secrets with the key which was undoubtedly Nahman's most important source: the Kabbala.

"THE KING'S Son and the Son of the Maid" is an allegory particularly rich in kabbalistic symbolism. It is about the constant struggle in every man between the divine soul (the king's son) and the animal soul (the maid's son). The two sons are exchanged soon after birth (on the analogy of the animal soul which governs a child). The king's son is later banished, but the maid's son — who rules as king — feels his loss (just as the animal soul which the adolescent attempts to find its own form of satisfaction through his spiritual need is also quite evident). After a long journey and many adventures, the two sons reach their proper equilibrium, and the "king's son" is again the ruler of the kingdom.

IT IS not only the outline of the story which can be read in depth; every act and object in Nahman's stories, however trivial they may seem, have their parallel in a deeper level of mysticism. In the same way that every letter of the Torah has its purpose, Nahman makes use of every element of his stories to convey his message.

The stories leave a strong impression even without the commentary; one feels that they are somehow of another world. Read together, the commentary, one realizes that, of course, this must be their true meaning. It's so simple, and yet it was veiled indeed.

IT IS DIFFICULT to conceive of a trip abroad which will not include some shopping. An entire episode of the recent popular local TV show *Near Ones and Dear Ones* was devoted to the family uproar when Ilan returned from a trip without bringing the perfume his sister-in-law Liora had requested.

Often a little advance research here will avoid unnecessary time and trouble shopping abroad. Otherwise you may repeat my embarrassing mistake of a few years back. I bought a certain non-American brand of food processor in the U.S., only to discover when I came home that it would have cost me five dollars less on the corner of my street in Tel Aviv! A little knowledge can also prevent unpleasant surprises at the customs checkpoint.

For instance, the value of duty-free purchases which an individual can bring into Israel is the equivalent of \$100. This "gift exemption" is applicable to returning travellers aged 17 and over. There is allowance for children. If a husband and wife travel together, they cannot combine their allowances and bring in a single item valued over \$100 duty-free. And on an item worth more than \$100, duty has to be paid on the full value — not just on the excess over \$100. The allowance can include food products up to a weight of three kilos, but no more than one kilo of any particular type. Television sets — even if you can find one for less than \$100 — are specifically excluded from the allowance.

Personal clothing, footwear and toiletries in reasonable amounts, even if new, may be brought in one's baggage duty-free. Beyond the \$100 gift limit, anyone aged 17 or over can also bring duty-free a quarter litre of perfume, one litre of liquor and two litres of wine, and up to 250 grams of tobacco in any form. In terms of cigarettes, this means one carton.

Foreign tourists and returning Israelis who have been abroad for more than one year have a gift allowance of \$125 instead of \$100.

THE QUICK "green line" at the airport exit is meant for the convenience of travellers with nothing to declare. If someone using it is stopped for a spot check and found to be exceeding the limits, he risks possible confiscation, court action, or double customs duty. Travellers whose effects exceed the above limits, even if they are entitled to exemption as new immigrants, residents returning after two years abroad or returning students, are supposed to use the "red line" and present a written declaration.

The "red line" also applies to anyone bringing in goods subject to special limitations or requiring licences, such as firearms, drugs, fresh foodstuffs and live animals.

Although most Israelis don't realise it, telephones and wireless communications equipment come within this category. A Communications Ministry spokesman explained to me that only certain brands and models of instruments, automatic secretaries, phones with a memory and related equipment have been approved for linkup with the Israeli telephone network. He says there are both technological and safety reasons for this. A list of brands and models which have been tested and approved for use here is available from the Ministry's Tel Aviv laboratory at 74 Rehov Yehuda Halevi (P.O.B. 29107, Tel Aviv 61290, tel. 03-613601).

This is also the address for information on the permissible frequencies and ranges of wireless walkie-

SHOPPING ABROAD



talkie devices and cordless telephones. Generally speaking, those with a power limit of 100 milliwatts, which have a range up to 100 metres and are intended for internal domestic use are permitted. (More powerful ones are liable to interfere with police communications equipment). Walkie-talkie toys are usually within the permissible range.

Israelis going on holiday can pick up a leaflet listing these regulations at the airport or seaport. They will also be well advised to fill out and get an official Customs stamp on a form listing any cameras, musical instruments, tape recorders, calculators, typewriters, etc. they may be taking with them, to ensure they will not be liable to customs duty on their return.

Anything you wish to register in this way must obviously be in your hand baggage, not in your checked-in luggage, as the registering official will want to see it and check its identification number. Time should be allowed for this worthwhile procedure at the port of departure.

MANY TRAVELLERS this summer may want to purchase large items which they will bring back or ship as "personal imports" and which, although liable to duty, will still be cheaper than if they were bought here. This may include motorcycles and household appliances.

Personal import of cars, however, is restricted to those makes that have an authorized import agency in Israel, and is further limited to those self-same models the commercial importers bring in. Details of the models that may be imported, and how to go about it, are given in a free booklet called *Madpis l'Yevu lshi* (Printout on Personal Import), obtainable at the Transport Ministry offices in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa. Cars imported personally do not require an import licence, but motorcycles do.

Whether you are interested in a car or a household appliance, there are several factors you must consider in deciding whether it is worth the trouble of buying it abroad. The first factor, obviously, is what the item would cost if you bought it

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

through the normal commercial channels here. It may well be worth making the rounds of local dealers, making sure to clarify what their prices include in terms of delivery, guarantees and servicing. You should also ask what servicing is available if you decide to buy the item abroad.

THERE IS a convenient sid to make a price-comparison in the form of two monthly booklets in Hebrew published by a Tel Aviv accessories dealer Levi Yitzhak — one he has been putting out on motor vehicles for several years, the other a brand-new one covering a wide range of household appliances, cameras, musical instruments, carpets, and even such items as gold, silver, diamonds, and the cost of building. The listings are based on monthly surveys of prices in the Greater Tel Aviv area. The vehicle booklet comes out on the first of each month and costs \$140, while the appliance booklet comes out at mid-month and costs \$190. They are available at newsstands and bookshops.

There is even a way to get some idea of prices of comparable products abroad before you travel. Because they don't rely on people's invoices for the value of items purchased abroad, the Customs publishes a book of prices on which it bases its duty evaluations. Entitled *Mehron Yevu* ("Price-list of Personal Imports"), this weighty volume lists items from giant refrigerators to electronic mini-organs. It is rather complicated to use because prices are given in various currencies with no seeming rhyme or reason — dollars, sterling, yen and Deutschmarks, often interspersed on the same page. The determined armchair shopper will have to take each day's Bank of Israel exchange rates and make the necessary calculations.

In any case, the most recent edition is dated August 1982, and the next one won't be out for another

couple of months. It is only available at a few places in the country: in Tel Aviv at the Defence Ministry's publishing house in the Kirya (24 David Elazar); in Jerusalem at the L'sam bookshop, 15 Nahmani, and Salutzky, 4 Hillel; in Hnifa at Mada, 29 Herzl; and in Beersheba at Rudiek, 25 Gershon. The sale price is now \$200.

(Incidentally, there is supposed to be a companion edition listing prices of motor vehicles for the purpose of Customs evaluation, but an official of the department told me that the latest one has been withdrawn because it contains some "catastrophic errors".

NOW HERE does the *Mehron* give any indication of what customs duties and other taxes can be expected on the various items when the purchaser goes to clear them as personal imports. Nor are Customs officials permitted any longer to give information on the matter except in writing, because of the frequent arguments at ports in the past when someone tried to argue, "but an official told me it would be such-and-such." The only way to get information is by writing to the Customs Department, giving precise details of the product being imported and waiting patiently for a reply. Not much help, I'm afraid, for people going abroad this summer.

A short cut would be to pick up the phone to one of the several agencies dealing with personal imports (among them, Kol in Jerusalem, and A.L.M. and Ilin in Tel Aviv), who generally have information on customs rates at their fingertips. Or you could phone one of the many private customs clearance agencies listed in the *Golden Pages*.

In any case, before going to all the trouble of buying and shipping a large item as a personal import, I would recommend asking a local authorized personal import agency what it would cost if he imported it on behalf. This is legal for household appliances — but not for motor vehicles, which must be imported by the individual buyer himself. The personal import agencies may also be better equipped than you are to know which ap-

pliances are most suitable for use in Israel and have adequate servicing facilities here.

It should be borne in mind that most household appliances carry customs levies amounting to 100 per cent or more, and that these are subject to change at any time.

MY SISTER-IN-LAW claims I am the only person in Israel who buys clothes here before a trip abroad. Perhaps so, but I always take the position that travellers abroad, especially when going to visit relatives, are "ambassadors for Israel" and should take pride in being able to say it is Israeli-made when complimented on a nice outfit. After all, we are a world-known fashion centre. I don't deny that many articles of clothing and footwear are cheaper abroad, especially in the U.S., where the selection is enormous, but sometimes one can do as well or better here at home where one knows the shops, the brand-names and the fashions.

While I have not yet done any serious gift-shopping for my own summer travels, I have stumbled across a few items worth considering. There is an attractive new cookbook in English, called *Fruits of the Earth* — a harvest of recipes from the Land of Israel, by Ricky Friesen of Rehovot and Naomi Moushine of Jerusalem. It is printed in spiral-notebook form, with attractive paper-cut illustrations by Rickie Lauffer. Most, though not all, the recipes are vegetarian. If I have one criticism, it is that a few of the recipes are non-kosher (combining meat dairy products), which seems thoughtless in a book meant as a gift from Israel. It sells for \$3.95 at bookshops and through *The Jerusalem Post* — which carries several books that make useful gifts to take abroad.

Beautifully-packaged almonds and other nuts with the new "Almond Tree" label, from Kibbutz Geva, make inexpensive gifts, which — unlike chocolates — will travel well even in hot weather. These are on sale both at the "Almond Tree" shops now spreading throughout the country, and at most of the chain stores.

FROM PAST experience, I have found that Diaspora Jews living outside the major Jewish centres are fascinated by simple everyday toiletries and food products with Hebrew labelling, which they find "exotic." While our public is prone to buy any soap with a foreign label, your friends and relatives abroad would probably appreciate Israeli olive-oil or avocado soap, as well as such prosaic food items as packaged soups (Osem's Hebrew Alphabet Soup is a great hit), instant couscous with a recipe in English on the bag (available mainly at Super-Sol), honey (but be careful it doesn't leak in a suitcase!), and local wines and brandies, if you have the strength to carry them.

In the more expensive category I've also had tremendous success with a little-known hand-made item, available only in Mea Shearim in Jerusalem, and called a "davening hassid." It is a figurine made of copper and coated with silver, which sways slightly in a breeze as though in prayer. The craftsman is Shlomo Olana, at 20 Ein Ya'akov, and the figures — some holding Tora scrolls, others with kiddush cups, etc. — sell for the equivalent of \$20 to \$75. No two are exactly alike and there is a female figurine, blessing the Sabbath candles, is well.

MARTHA MEISELS

STORIES MAKE sense out of life. That's why children love them, and why adults don't stop loving them. Anyone with any experience in reading or telling stories to small children knows how important every word can be. In the on-going saga I am telling my three year old about Lumpily-Lump-Lump-Lump, the good witch with the lumpy nose, if I forget that the Eskimo boy who took refuge in the magic tent near the North Pole had a bow and arrow, Asher will not forgive my lapse. This memory of the details is much fuller than mine. He constantly corrects me.

Stories are reassuring. Events occur in a predictable order, and one is caused by another. Stories are also enlightening, conveying information about the ways of the world. But primarily, stories are entertaining, intrinsically so, at least they should be.

Hereby hangs a tale

HERSHEL OF OSTROPOL by Eric A. Kimmel. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society, 40 pp. \$7.95.

K'TONTON IN THE CIRCUS. A Hanukkah Adventure by Sadie Rose Weilerstein. Philadelphia, Jewish Publication Society, 86 pp. \$8.95.

HA-EZ, HARAV, VE-ETSA SHE'EL ZAHAV (The Goat, the Rabbi, and the Fine Piece of Advice) by Ofra Gelbart. Schocken, 22 pp. No price stated.

ETSA MIBEIT HAROTHSCCHILD (Advice from the Rothschilds. 28 Humorous Stories from Poland), edited by Otto Schnitzler. Jerusalem, Magnes Press, 72 pp. Hebrew + XX English. No price stated.

PNINEI AGADAH (Gems of Talmudic Legend), gathered and edited by Jonah Ben Pinchas. Jerusalem, Robin Mass. 170 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

found the illustrations somewhat heavy-handed.

HE WOULD also recommend K'tonton book, the latest in a venerable series about an Orthodox Jewish-American thumbing. In addition to a lot of Jewish lore, information about holidays and tales from the Talmud, this book is very instructive about the circus, a setting which is always appealing to children. If one forgets the initial improbability of a child four inches high, everything else about the book is entirely realistic. However, the characters are not terribly convincing either in their goodness or in their occasional evil. Marilyn Hirsh's illustrations are very attractive, and give a child a lot to look at without trying to be too cute.

OFRA GELBART retells the well-known story about the mbbi who advises a man to fill his crowded house with animals and then kick them out so that the house will feel less crowded. Her rhymes are fun to read out loud, and, although some of the words are over a child's head, that's how you learn, isn't it? Yafah Talarek's illustrations are action-

packed but much too obvious in their humour, as if she were afraid a child would miss the point. The children I know look at pictures very carefully, and they do not need such broad hints.

THE OTHER two books are for adults. Despite its subtitle, *Advice from the Rothschilds* is not particularly funny. This book is the forty-third in a series directed by Professor Dov Noy, the doyen of Jewish folklorists. It is Professor Noy's policy to present the stories only in Hebrew translation. While I do not actually know Yiddish, I might have been able to make my way through the Yiddish original with the aid of a translation, and that might have added to my pleasure and interest in reading it. I also imagine that the book would be of greater scholarly value if it contained the tales in the language in which they were told — and that holds true for stories originally told in Judeo-Arabic or whatever.

FINALLY, JONAH Ben Pinchas has collected a large number of *agadot* which are presented rather attractively in this slim volume. It is not clear that its publication was necessary to advance the cause of *agadah*, but people who take pleasure in reading rabbinical stories will certainly enjoy this selection.